

# NEW SERIES

OF

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

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A New Series of the *Leisure Hour* commences with this Monthly Part. The Magazine will retain its distinctive features, but with many improvements, and will in future be only issued in the Monthly form.

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*Among the Subjects in Preparation are—*

**WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?** By JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.  
**THE NEXT OF KIN.** By the Author of "Nine-Tenths of the Law."  
**MISJUDGED; OR, THE TROUBLES OF A CITY MAN.** By Mrs. ARNOLD, author of "His Only Enemy."  
**MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.**  
**SUSSEX FOLK AND SUSSEX WAYS.** By the Rev. J. C. EGERTON, M.A.  
**PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.** By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A.  
**ASCENT OF CHIMBORAZO.** (*With Illustrations.*)  
**NOTES OF TRAVEL.** By ISABELLA BIRD, CARL BOCK, and others.  
**SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED.** By WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.  
**GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS.** (*With Illustrations.*)  
**CURIOSITIES OF CRIMINAL LAW.**  
**HISTORIC ENGLISH MANSIONS.** (*With Engravings.*)  
**ANCIENT PLATE OF THE CITY COMPANIES.** By JOSEPH GREGO.  
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**MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF MANY LANDS.** By the Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A., author of "English Folk-Lore."  
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**NEW MUSIC AND SONGS.** By Eminent Composers.  
**NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.—SCIENTIFIC NOTES.**  
**BIOGRAPHIES AND PORTRAITS.—VARIETIES.**

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## SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

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LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.

# COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

FIRST MONTHLY PART NOW READY.

## THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

*The following are amongst the Subjects in Preparation—*

**NO PLACE LIKE HOME.** By HESBA STRETTON.

**MRS. JOHN BOND'S TROUBLES.** By Mrs. PROSSER.

**THROUGH THE LINN; OR, MISS TEMPLE'S WARDS.** By AGNES  
GIBERNE.

**THE ADVENTURES OF RUPERT LONG.** By the Rev. H. J. BROWNE, B.A.

**THE KING'S WINDOWS; OR, THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF  
GOD.** By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. (*With Fine Illustrations.*)

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**PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN.**

**THE REVISED BIBLE: THE NEW TESTAMENT VERSION.**

**RELIGIONS OF GREECE AND ROME.** By Canon RAWLINSON, M.A.

**ROMAN LAW AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

**BIBLE STUDIES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS FOR  
HOME AND SUNDAY SCHOOL** By the Rev. Dr. GREEN.

**CONTRIBUTIONS** by the Rev. GORDON CALTHROP, Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM,  
Rev. Dr. MACLAREN, Miss E. J. WHATELY, SARAH DOUDNEY, and others.

With the usual variety of Miscellaneous Papers.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY. SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.

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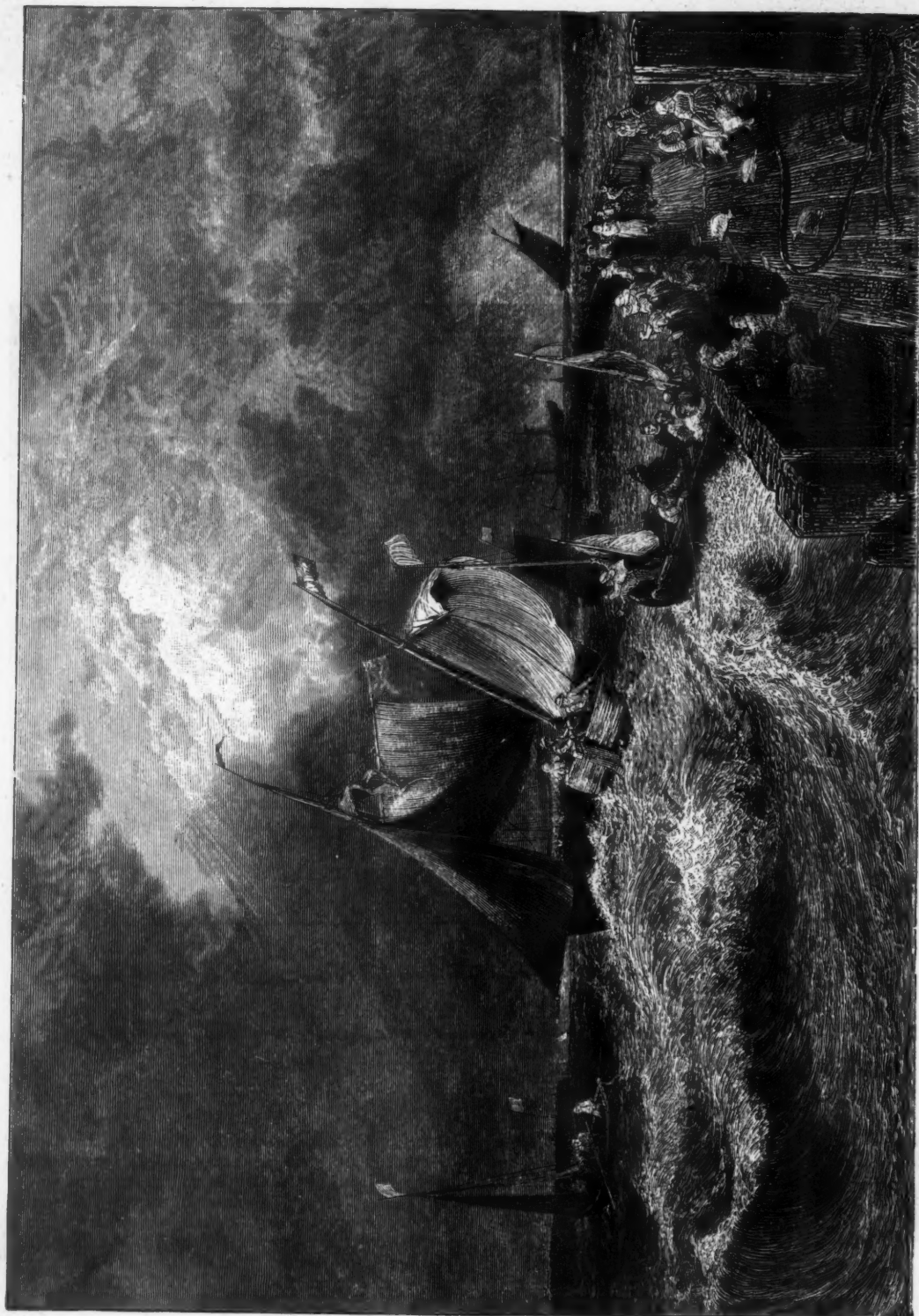
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*From the Painting by Turner in the National Gallery.*

**CALAIS PIER.**

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## THE ASCENT OF CHIMBORAZO.

II.



*We were now twenty thousand feet high,  
and the summit seemed within our grasp.*

[LETTER TO THE EDITOR.]

**T**HE ascent of Chimborazo and other lofty peaks of the Andes was an object worthy the ambition of one who had gained the highest fame as an Alpine mountaineer. But Edward Whymper is not merely a daring climber and successful explorer; he is an intelligent and observant traveller, such as Humboldt would have welcomed as a pupil and comrade. The book which he is preparing on the Andes will be one of the most important additions to the library of modern

travel. We have no wish to anticipate the pages of that work, but we are enabled, from letters received from Mr. Whymper, and from notes since supplied, to present a personal narrative of some of his adventurous exploits in South America.

"We left Southampton," says Mr. Whymper in his first letter to us, "on the 3rd of November, 1879, on board the Royal Mail steamer, the Don. The party consisted at leaving only of myself and of Jean-Antoine and Louis Carrel—two Italian mountaineers who accompanied me throughout. You will probably remember that

Jean-Antoine Carrel was a very old acquaintance, but should you have forgotten, you will find all about him in my recently-published book, 'The Ascent of the Matterhorn,'\* and you will see there that I pointed him out many years ago as one of the best mountaineers of the time, and as the finest cragsman I had ever seen. Age has not lessened his ability—indeed, he is now more desirable as a guide than he was twenty years ago, increased experience having somewhat toned his impetuosity and rendered him more prudent, though not less able. He preferred to take his cousin Louis to any other man. Louis was at once the biggest and the youngest of the three—indeed, he was, I think, the biggest man on board the ship.

"At Jamaica we got a run on shore while the ship remained at Kingston, and made an excursion to the mountains at the back of the military station, Newcastle, a height of nearly five thousand feet, and saw from our highest point both the northern and the southern sides of the island. We remarked that the hills were much better clothed than the natives, and we were surprised at the extremely small amount of clothing which is tolerated in the island. There was grosser and more palpable nakedness visible here than in any other place which we visited—stark, staring nakedness, for which there is, however, some excuse. Jamaica, although several degrees north of the Equator, is considerably hotter than most places in South America which are actually on the line.

"Just as the Don was leaving Kingston we heard that there had been a great storm at Colon, and arriving off that place we found a number of ships ashore, and several hopelessly wrecked. The railroad was stopped, the telegraph was destroyed at numerous places, and nine days passed before we could cross to Panama, and even then the transit took more than thirteen hours, instead of the four hours which it is supposed to occupy. This was just before the visit of M. Lesseps to the Isthmus, and many persons wished—some ironically, though more from good will—that that distinguished individual had arrived a little earlier, in order that he might have been an eye-witness of the tremendous rainfalls which can occur in this region, and do occur at irregular intervals. At one place the River Chagres rose forty feet in a few hours, and this not at a point where the river was narrowed. To make the river rise this amount, the floods had first to spread over an immense extent of the surrounding country; and they performed wonders of destruction, floating away houses bodily, transporting massive iron tanks long distances, and even drowning alligators. The bodies of several were lying high and dry by the side of the track as we passed along.

"This part of the world is famous for alligators, and especially the River Guayas, up which our course led in going from Panama to Guayaquil, though, to tell the truth, we saw but few until we got higher up than that point. 'Oh!' they said at Guayaquil, 'you must not expect to see many

here, or until you get a long way up the river, away from the steamers, and then you will see them by the thousand!' Well, though we did not see quite so many as that, we saw quite enough. In some places the steep mud-banks by the river-side were black with them, and on one sand-bank I counted thirty-six all in a row, lying side by side, so close that a baby alligator could scarcely have toddled up between them. Big enough for my liking, though not monsters—indeed, I doubt if any were as much as twelve feet long. I flattered myself that we would have a great alligator-catching at Bodegas (or Babahoyo), the terminus for the steamer, for I remembered that this was the place where Stevenson, in his South American Travels, speaks of having witnessed some great sport of that kind,\* and on arrival at Bodegas one of the first things I did was to say to an old resident, 'Oh, please Mr. T., I want you to catch some alligators for me.' 'Want me to do what?' he said, in astonishment; and when I showed him the passage in Stevenson, he declared it was a fiction—a pure invention. 'I never heard of such a thing, mister;' and I got no alligators at Bodegas."

When next we heard of Mr. Whympier he was going up country, with a train of mules, and accompanied by Mr. Perring, as interpreter, as

\* This is the passage referred to by Mr. Whympier:—

"These animals will sometimes seize human beings when bathing, and even take children from the shore; after having succeeded once or twice they will venture to take men or women from the balsas, if they can surprise them when asleep; but they are remarkably timid, and any noise will drive them from their purpose. They have also been known to swim alongside a small canoe, and to suddenly place one of their paws on the edge and upset it, when they immediately seize the unwary victim. Whenever it is known that a *cebado*, one that has devoured either a human being or cattle, is in the neighbourhood, all the people join in the common cause to destroy it; this they often effect by means of a noose of strong hide rope, baited with some animal food; when the lagarto seizes the bait its upper jaw becomes entangled with the rope, and the people immediately attack it with their lances and generally kill it.

"The natives sometimes divert themselves in catching the lagartos alive; they employ two methods, equally terrific and dangerous to a spectator at first sight; both of these were exhibited to Count Ruis, when we were at Babahoyo, on our way to Quito. A man takes in his right hand a truncheon, called a *tolete*; this is of hard wood, about two feet long, having a ball formed at each end, into which are fastened two harpoons, and to the middle of this truncheon a platted thong is fastened. The man takes this in his hand, plunges into the river, and holds it horizontally on the surface of the water, grasping a dead fowl with the same hand, and swimming with the other; he places himself in a right line with the lagarto, which is almost sure to dart at the fowl; when this happens the truncheon is placed in a vertical position, and at the moment that the jaw of the lagarto is thrown up, the *tolete* is thrust into the mouth, so that when the jaw falls down again the two harpoons become fixed, and the animal is dragged to the shore by the cord fastened to the *tolete*. When on shore the appearance of the lagarto is really most horrible; his enormous jaws propped up by the *tolete*, showing his large sharp teeth; his eyes projecting almost out of his head; the pale red colour of the fleshy substance on his under jaw, as well as that of the roof of the mouth; the impenetrable armour of scales which covers the body, with the huge jaws and tail, all contribute to render the spectacle appalling; and although one is perfectly aware that in its present state it is harmless, yet it is almost impossible to look on it without feeling what fear is. The natives now surround the lagarto and bait it like a bull, holding before it anything that is red, at which it runs, when the man jumps on one side and avoids being struck by it, while the animal continues to run forward in a straight line till checked by the thong which is fastened to the *tolete*. When tired of teasing the poor brute, they kill it by thrusting a lance down its throat, or under the fore leg into its body, unless by accident it be thrown on its back, when it may be pierced in any part of the belly, which is soft and easily penetrated.

"The other method is, by taking a fowl in one hand and a sharp strong knife in the other; the man swims till he is directly opposite to the alligator, and at the moment when it springs at the fowl the man dives under the water, leaving the fowl on the surface; he then holds up the knife to the belly of the animal, and cuts it open, when the alligator immediately rolls over on its back, and is carried away by the stream. Much has been said about the surprising agility of some of the Spanish bull-fighters, and I have often beheld feats that have astonished me; but this diversion at Babahoyo, for so the natives consider it, evinced more bravery and agility than I had ever before witnessed."—*Historical and Descriptive Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America.* By W. B. Stevenson.

well as by the two Carrels. "We were not so unfortunate in the first team of beasts we hired," he said, "as we were on some subsequent occasions, though on the very first day, and almost in the very first hour, one horrible brute managed to dislodge its load and went careering about over hillocks and among ruts with my photographic apparatus kicking about between its hoofs in a way which made me turn hot and cold, and expect that everything would be smashed to atoms." On December 15th the party left Le Mona and went to the village of Munapamba, and on the latter part of this day began to quit the low-lying land on the Pacific side of Ecuador. At night they were about 1,250 feet above the level of the sea.\*

On the next day they went from Munapamba to Tambo Loma. A "tambo," Mr. Whympers says, is supposed to be an inn. This particular one "could not afford either food or forage, bed or bedding. It was not at this time considered a first-class establishment by the party, but subsequent experience caused a different opinion to be entertained."

Upon leaving the tambo, the ascent was continuous and very steep, until the outer range of the Andes was crossed at about 10,365 feet, whence a descent was made on S. José de Chimbo, and a subsequent ascent to Guaranda (8,870). "The route thus far followed was called a 'road.' So far, however, as a few miles to the west of the summit of the outer range, it was only a track, or a series of tracks, made by men and beasts. For a few miles on the western side of the pass, and from the summit down to S. José de Chimbo, the route was over a good *made* road, which a very little additional labour would convert into a road fit for wheeled vehicles. On the rest of the route mud was generally one foot, and was frequently two or more feet, deep."

All travellers who have ever been in Ecuador have said much about the badness of the roads in that country. Mr. Whympers writes: "As a general rule, they are worse than none at all. There never has been more than one considerable stretch of *made* road in the country, and, as this receives no mending whatever, it is rapidly falling to pieces. What Ecuadorians are pleased to call roads would anywhere in Europe be called tracks—and they are very bad tracks too. I have not myself seen mud on them more than four feet deep, but there are places where this depth is exceeded, and one foreigner with whom I conversed told me that he did not consider the road was bad unless the animals vanished right out of sight in the mud."

On December 18th they arrived at Guaranda, hired a house, and decided to make this place a base for attack on Chimborazo. On the 19th Mr. Whympers and the Carrels made a prospecting journey from Guaranda to the "Arenal" (sandy plain) on the south of Chimborazo. He says: "The route from Guayaquil to Quito, *viâ* Bodegas, passes to the south and afterwards to the east of

Chimborazo, going over, at its highest point, a locality which is called the *Arenal grande* (to distinguish it from the lesser *arenales*, which are numerous in the country), the summit of which is, roughly, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. This route has been in use since the time of the Spanish conquest, and is still by far the best way of arriving at Quito from the coast. A second route has been opened in recent years, *viâ* Riobamba, Guamote, and the bridge of Chimbo (where a railway leads to Yaguachi, upon a branch of the River Guayas)." In returning, Mr. Whympers's party followed this route, and found it to be in all respects worse than the old and well-established way between Guayaquil and Quito.

The object of this day's journey was the close inspection of the route which had been previously determined upon for an ascent of Chimborazo. The *reconnaissance* was satisfactory, though the mountain was cloudy, and the party returned to Guaranda; but whilst going back Mr. Whympers was severely affected by the diminished barometric pressure, and had to be supported for a large part of the way. Whenever any of the party were affected from this cause the symptoms were intense headache, feverishness, and a feeling of weakness and prostration, but on no single occasion did bleeding occur, and in respect to the other symptoms which have been spoken of by previous travellers, Mr. Whympers says it is his opinion that there has been gross exaggeration, and that during all his mountain experiences throughout the world he has not known a dozen instances of bleeding at the nose at great elevations, and that when such occurrences happened they took place with persons who would probably have been similarly affected at the level of the sea.

"Up till December 21st we had not had anything like a general view of Chimborazo, although at Guaranda we ought to have been in full view of the mountain. On the 21st it was seen more clearly than hitherto, though it was not free from clouds at any portion of the day. For the first time it was clear enough to render it possible to trace a route over the upper part of the mountain and to sketch it. I indicated the direction to the Carrels that I wished to be followed, and started them off in the afternoon to inspect the proposed line of ascent, and if possible to select a camping-place, remaining myself at Guaranda to complete preparations. The Carrels did not return till the 23rd, and came back much fatigued. They had followed the route taken on the 19th as far as the summit of the *Arenal grande*, and had then made directly towards the mountain. They had selected a camping-place at a height (so it appeared by an aneroid which had been lent to them) of over 16,000 feet, and said that it would be very fatiguing to get there, as the soil was sandy, and so soft as to allow one to sink in knee deep. Preparations were completed on the 23rd, but the muleteers would not be away from Guaranda on Christmas Day, and our departure was delayed until the 26th.

"At last, on the 26th, we started to make a serious attempt to ascend the mountain. Our party was a large one, comprising the two Carrels,

\* During the 212 days which were passed in the interior of the country, there were only four at which they found themselves under 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. Thirty-six nights were passed at elevations over 14,000 feet.



Mr. Perring, two Indians as porters, three arrieros, and fourteen mules. By the afternoon we got to the summit of the *Arenal grande*, and encamped, at 5.30 p.m., a little below the summit of the *arenal*. The minimum temperature at night was 21° Fahr. It was a superb night with a brilliant moon, and the great cliffs of Chimborazo, crowned with their snowy dome, 7,000 feet above us, were indescribably magnificent.

"Though they had been very well treated, the two Indians deserted during the night. Five mules also disappeared. This was not so extraordinary. The arrieros treat their beasts with great brutality, and neglect them shamefully, and any intelligent quadruped naturally gets as far away as it can from its inhuman masters. The carrying power being thus reduced, it was necessary to make two journeys from the first camp to the place selected by the Carrels. I started off J. A. Carrel at 10 a.m. with three natives and eight mules. Carrel remained above to commence the preparation of the camping-place, and the others returned to the lower station in the afternoon. The remainder of us then started upwards, and arrived at the second camp at 4.45 p.m. We brought up four mule-loads of wood, and left twelve packages of provisions, etc., in the *dépôt* below. Then I sent back the whole of the mules and natives, and encamped with the two Carrels and Mr. Perring.

"Shortly after our arrival all the party except Perring had frightful headaches, and felt much exhausted (although all had ridden up the entire distance from Guaranda), and we retired to bed early, feeling incapable of making the least exertion. The height of the second camp was 16,600 feet above the sea, and the minimum temperature in the night was again eleven degrees below freezing-point.

"On the morning of Dec. 28th the Carrels were somewhat better, and were eager to be off exploring, so I sent them away at 7.50 a.m. to continue the ascent of the ridge on which the camp was placed, instructing them not to try to go to any great height, and to look out for another and higher camping-place. They returned at 6.30 p.m., quite exhausted, having made a push towards the summit, and reached a height of nearly 19,000 feet. I have never before, on any mountain expedition, seen men in such a complete state of prostration as they were on this occasion. They could scarcely crawl home.

"The next morning both Carrels were still *hors de combat*, lying down in the tent most of the day. The eyes of both were badly inflamed, especially J. A. Carrel's. Louis became better towards mid-day, and I sent him with Perring to fetch up the second tent from the first camp. They returned just at nightfall, having found it as much as they could manage to carry. On the 31st we were all somewhat better, and as it was evident that the camp was not high enough, we started to select a loftier position. Having found one at about 17,400 feet above the sea, we returned to the second camp. In the afternoon I heard from an arriero (who was retained as a courier to go backwards and forwards between Chimborazo and Guaranda)

that some of the boxes at the *dépôt* at the first camp had been broken open and robbed; so I sent Perring down with the arriero, with a letter to the authorities at Guaranda, asking for a guard for the baggage. Three Indians had been sent up to replace those who had deserted, and these were dispatched with the Carrels, carrying light loads, up to the place which had been selected for the third camp. By nightfall they returned to the second camp.

"*New Year's Day*, 1880.—The Carrels continued to move things up to the third camp, and as the stock of firing was running low I went down with the three Indians to the first camp to collect more wood, and to inspect the boxes which had been robbed. I dispatched the Indians upwards with loads of wood, but all three deserted, and were not again seen. In the afternoon I returned to the second camp. There was a truly terrific wind in the night, blowing in squalls, and for several hours I continually expected that we and all our belongings would be blown away. This was the first occasion upon which inconvenience was experienced from high wind, and upon the whole we were less frequently inconvenienced by it than I had anticipated we should be from reading the accounts of other travellers in the Andes.

"The following morning was fine, and the Carrels went off at an early hour with more things to the third camp. Perring returned at 10 a.m. with a new arriero and an Indian lad, and two soldiers out of four who had been sent to guard the baggage. It appeared that Perring suspected that the late arriero was the thief, and had had him arrested and sent to Guaranda. With the help of the new men we got the whole of the necessaries up to the third camp by night, leaving, however, one tent and the bulk of the stores at the second camp.

"Being now well established, and provided with sufficient food and firing at our high station, I considered that we might prudently attempt to make for the summit, and on the 3rd of January, 1880, we started at 5.35 a.m., to try to ascend the mountain. At that time there was no wind, and we mounted for a thousand feet without any great difficulty, excepting such as arose from shortness of breath. Our course led up the ridge on which our two camps were placed. On one side of us, and deep down below, there was a large glacier, and on the other some very extensive snow-fields. It appeared to me, from the description of Bous-singault, to be the same ridge which that traveller had attempted to mount nearly fifty years ago; but the absence of precision in his published narrative renders it impossible for me to be certain.

"If I am in doubt as to the ridge followed by Bous-singault, I am in still greater uncertainty as to the line taken by Humboldt. In none of his remarks upon his expedition have I observed any reference to *points of the compass*. I only know that he started from the direction of the *Arenal*; but the *Arenal grande* is a tract of considerable size, three or four miles long, and at least several routes might be followed when starting from it. Then again he mentions particularly the height that he attained, and the nature of the obstruction which



stopped him. This causes me great perplexity; for, at the elevation he mentions, there is not, upon the side of the *Arenal*, a place answering to his description. There are, however, places of that kind considerably lower down than the altitude which he claims to have reached. As it cannot be doubted that his expedition was actually made from the direction of the *Arenal*, the conclusion can hardly be resisted that he over-estimated the height that he reached; *unless, indeed, the whole mountain has sunk since his time*, and this, according to my opinion, is not impossible.



HUMBOLDT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX.

"Soon after 7 wind began to spring up, and at 7.30 it blew so hard as to render further progress highly dangerous. At this time we had scarcely mounted more than a thousand feet above our third camp, and as it was certain that we could not reach the summit on that day, we came down again, holding ourselves, however, in readiness to start again on the following morning.

"*Ascent of Chimborazo.*—I started with the two Carrels at 5.40 a.m., on January 4th, on a very fine and nearly cloudless morning, leaving Perring in charge of the camp. We followed the track made yesterday, and benefited by the steps which had been then cut in the snow. At first the line of ascent was on the southern side of the mountain, but after the height of 18,500 feet had been attained, we commenced to bear round to the west, and mounted spirally, arriving on the plateau at the summit from a northerly direction.

"The ascent was mainly over snow, and entirely so after 19,500 feet had been passed. Up to nearly 20,000 feet it was in good condition, and

we sank in but slightly, and progressed at a reasonable rate. Until 11 a.m. we had met with no great difficulties, and up to that time had experienced fine weather, with a good deal of sunshine.

"We were now twenty thousand feet high, and the summit seemed within our grasp. We could see the great plateau which is at the top of the mountain, and the two fine snowy domes, one on its northern and the other on its southern side. But, alas! the sky became clouded all over, the wind rose, and we entered upon a large tract of exceedingly soft snow, which could not be traversed in the ordinary way, and it was found necessary to flog every yard of it down, and then to crawl over it on all-fours. The ascent of the last thousand feet occupied more than five hours, and it was 5 p.m. before we reached the summit of the higher of the two domes of Chimborazo.

"On the immediate summit the snow was not so extremely soft; it was possible to stand up upon it. The wind, however, was furious, and the temperature fell to 21° Fah. We remained only long enough to read the barometers, and left at 5.20 p.m.; by great exertion succeeding in crossing the most difficult rocks which had to be passed over just as the last gleam of daylight disappeared; but we were then benighted, and occupied more than two hours descending the last thousand feet, arriving at the camp about 9 p.m."

Mr. Whympier tells us that the very hurried way in which he was compelled to leave the summit prevented several observations being taken which he had desired to make, and he consequently wished to make another ascent before he quitted the mountain. In consultation with his mountaineers, it came out that the feet of Louis Carrel were badly frostbitten, and he was consequently obliged to descend without first going up again. The retreat occupied a considerable length of time, as mules and men had to be fetched from Guaranda. By January 12th all the party and the baggage were safely got down to the inn of Chuquipoquio, on the east side of the mountain, and several days of rest were taken there. They then went on to the town of Ambato and procured medical assistance for Louis Carrel. Both his feet were frightfully swollen, and when the swelling was reduced the flesh parted in great gashes, producing sores. "More than three weeks elapsed before he was able to walk, and more than five weeks before he made another ascent. We thus lost an entire month in the finest part of our season."

Six months more passed before another ascent of Chimborazo could be made, and this time it was resolved to try to improve upon the first route. The frequency of the easterly winds, which largely preponderate in the interior of Ecuador, had, upon his other expeditions, induced Mr. Whympier generally to prefer the western sides of the mountains that he ascended, and, in returning towards the coast, he passed between Carihuairazo and Chimborazo, to reach the western side of the latter.

On July 3rd, 1880, after having encamped at a height of about 16,000 feet, he again reached the summit, going up and down again under twelve

hours, out of which time one and a quarter hours were passed on the top. As there was very general incredulity in Ecuador as to the possibility of ascending the mountain, Mr. Whympster took two natives with him on this occasion, and, on his re-arrival at Guayaquil, he caused one of them—Javier Campana—to make the following formal declaration before the British consul at that port. We reprint this at length, as it gives, in a few words, a straightforward account of a remarkable achievement.

"I, Javier Campana, of Quito, hereby declare, that upon July 3, 1880, I accompanied Mr. Edward Whympster to the very highest point of the summit of Chimborazo. We were also accompanied by Jean-Antoine Carrel, and by Louis Carrel (Mr. Whympster's two Italian mountaineers), and by David Beltran, of Machachi. Mr. Whympster placed his tent on July 2, 1880, on the north-west side of Chimborazo, at a height, so he tells me, of about 16,000 feet, and he provided for the use of myself and of David the things which were necessary for an ascent, namely, good strong boots with large nails, warm gloves, spectacles to protect the eyes against the glare of the snow, and ice-axes to help us along. We started from the tent at 5.15 on the morning of July 3, 1880, and at once commenced to ascend towards the summit. The way at first was over loose stones, but after we had ascended for about 1,000 feet we came to snow, and the remainder of the ascent was entirely over snow, with the exception of one or two little places where rocks came through the snow. We stopped to eat on one of these little patches of rock at 8.35 a.m., and after Mr. Whympster had examined

his mercurial barometer he encouraged us to proceed by telling us that we had already got more than half-way up from the tent. From this place we saw the sea. We went on again at 9.5 a.m., and found the snow get steeper and steeper. We were all tied together with a good strong rope in case any one should slip, and except for this

and for the things with which we had been provided I should not have been able to get along at all. Sometimes it was very cold, and there was much wind, but when we were in the sun it was very hot. Whether in the sun or in the shade the snow was very soft, and we sank in deeply, often up to the knees. This was very fatiguing, and it was owing to this that we took so much longer time in ascending the upper than the lower part of the mountain. To break the ascent we zig-zaged about, and at one time came round to the side fronting Guaranda, and then came back to above the place where the tent was pitched. At last we got on to the top, and could see the two summits. The snow was very soft indeed here, and we went along very slowly, and had often to stop to get breath. The highest of the two summits was on our left hand, that is, upon the north side of the mountain, and we went to it, without going upon the lower one. As we

approached the very highest point we saw that there was something strange upon it, and when we got up we found the pole of the flag which Mr. Whympster had put up on January 4, 1880. It stood up about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  varas above the snow, and very little of the flag remained, as it had been torn to pieces by the wind. I took a small piece of the flag to show to my friends below, and was



AN INDIAN PORTER.

filled with joy at being the first Ecuadorian to reach the summit of the great Chimborazo! We arrived on the very highest point of the summit at 1.20 p.m., and about the same time ashes from Cotopaxi began to fall. They filled our eyes, noses, mouths, and ears, and made the snow quite black. Mr. Whympers, however, prepared his instruments, and was at work during the whole time we were on the summit. He did not once sit down to rest from the time we left the tent in the morning until the time that we returned to it in the evening. He took the height of the mountain with his barometers, and told us that the observations he now made agreed very well with those which he made upon the first ascent of Chimborazo on January 4, 1880. At 2.30 p.m. we left the summit, and came down as fast as we could, only stopping a little from time to time to allow Mr. Whympers to collect rocks at various places. We arrived again at the tent at 5.10 p.m., and found it covered with the ashes from Cotopaxi, which were still falling, and filled the whole valleys with a thick cloud. On the 4th of July we continued the tour of the mountain, and arrived at

night close to Tortorillas; and on the 6th we returned to Riobamba, having had a most successful journey, without accident of any sort whatever—not only having made the tour and the second ascent of Chimborazo, but also having made *en route* on the 29th of June the first ascent of Carihuairazo.—FRANCISCO JR. CAMPANA, Guayaquil, July 19, 1880. Declared and subscribed at Guayaquil, this 20th day of July, 1880, before me, GEORGE CHAMBERS, H.B.M.'s Consul, Guayaquil."

The collections made on this journey are numerous and interesting. There is a series of five hundred pieces in pottery, stone, and metal, illustrative of the arts of the ancient rulers of Peru—the Incas. Insects and plants have been collected at greater heights than any one has before obtained them in the two Americas. Beetles were several times found among the rocks on the very summits of the mountains, at heights greater than the summit of Mont Blanc. Butterflies were captured as high as 16,000 feet, and flies even higher. Birds were scarce at these great altitudes, and the condor, which is ranked amongst the highest of flyers, was generally conspicuous by its absence.



### The Thrush.

WITH bursts of praise the thrushes cheer  
The faint gleams of the new-born year.  
No thought of lurking winter stays  
The careless gladness of their lays;  
A present brightness quenches fear.  
They heed not clouds that gather near;  
They wait not till May-flowers appear;  
But hail the warmth of transient rays  
With bursts of praise.

Oh wise and happy soul that pays  
Thanks for each gleam that lights our days,  
Nor claims a bliss complete and clear  
Before it warbles in God's ear;  
But glorifies life's common ways  
With bursts of praise.

RICHARD WILTON.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.



*From a Drawing by Sir J. Gilbert.]*

*J.M.W. Turner*



**A**MONGST the best judges of art, the late J. M. W. Turner is generally admitted to stand at the head of the English school of landscape, although all the great artist's biographers have shown that his work, equally with his life, presents many incongruities and contradictions. Turner the artist and Turner the man cannot well be dis-severed, yet one would often wish that they might be. Sometimes we have him enthusiastically de-

scribed as "Glorious in conception—unfathomable in knowledge—solitary in power—with the elements waiting upon his will, and the night and morning obedient to his call, sent as a prophet of God to reveal to man the mysteries of the universe;"\* while on the other we are told, "The riddle of life was too hard for his uncultivated intellect and starved heart to contemplate with any hope; he was only at rest in his dreamland." A

\* Ruskin.



third writer tells us that little could be said for his domestic or social morality; while we are again mystified by the statement that "Turner had a heart as intensely kind and as nobly true as God ever gave to one of His creatures." The figure of gold had, it would seem, feet of clay. He lived in two worlds—in the one great and happy; in the other small and miserable.\*

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born on the 23rd of April, 1775, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where his father kept a barber's shop. The lane then was nearer artistic centres than it is now, and among artists who are known to have used the shop was Stothard; while men like David Garrick, the actor, and Dr. Monro, a then noted physician, knew it familiarly. The latter, among others, first saw and purchased there the youthful productions of the future Academician, which were ticketed in the window, among the wigs and blocks, at prices which never exceeded three shillings a piece. To the credit of Turner's father it may be recorded that he did not attempt to thwart the boy's tastes, but rather did everything in his power to encourage them—although, for a time, at least, he wished him to become an architect. His mother is said to have been of gentle descent, but of a most ungovernable temper; she ultimately became insane, and was removed from the house to safer keeping. Turner appears to have known little of a mother's love or care. But the father was proud of him, and, after the boy had sketched from memory a lion which he had seen on the coat-of-arms engraved on a salver at the house of one of the customers, always said, "William's going to be a painter."

In person Turner, as a youth, is described as short and thickset, but with large and handsome features, clear grey-blue eyes, and arched eyebrows, careless in dress, and "generally a sturdy, determined, prudent boy, with an irresistible bias towards art." His short figure afterwards developed into corpulence; his face, from continual exposure to the air, became unusually red and a little inclined to blotches; while his eyes remained till near the end of his life bright and restless. Redgrave, a brother Academician of his later days, tells us that he generally wore what is called a black dress-coat,† which would have been the better for brushing; the sleeves mostly too long, and coming down over his fat, and not overclean, hands. On the warmest days he would wear a large wrapper or comforter round his throat, though

occasionally he would unloose it, and allow the two ends to dangle down in front and soak up the colour from his palette. "This, together with his ruddy face, his rollicking eye, and his continuous, although, except to himself, unintelligible jokes, gave him the appearance of a long-stage coachman."

The associations of Maiden Lane were hardly those calculated to produce a great landscape painter; but Turner had, in his brief schooldays, opportunities of seeing something beyond. In 1785 he went to his first school at Brentford, where he drew cocks and hens on the walls, and birds and trees, from the schoolroom windows. It is said that "his schoolfellows, sympathising with



BIRTHPLACE OF TURNER.

\* Turner never married, and an early love disappointment seems to have left a scar on his life. That he sometimes gave way to low dissipation is known. After a hard week's work he would occasionally on a Saturday night "slip a five-pound note in his pocket, button it securely up there, and set off to some low sailors' house in Wapping or Rotherhithe, to wallow till the Monday morning left him free again to drudge through another week." This is Thornbury's statement, but his biographers agree that for every story of degradation or meanness there are two displaying both nobility and liberality of character.

† When Turner was in France on one occasion this old dress-coat stood him in good stead. He had taken a temporary lodging in the house of a fisherman at Eu, when, as Mr. Redgrave tells us, "an officer of the court inquired for him, and told him that Louis Philippe, then staying at the château, hearing that Mr. Turner was in the town, had sent to desire his company to dinner (they had been well known to one another in England). Turner pleaded his want of dress, but this was overruled; he was assured that he only required a white neckcloth, and that the king must not be denied. The fisherman's wife easily provided a white neckcloth by cutting up some of her old linen, and Turner afterwards declared that he spent a delightful evening with his old Twickenham acquaintance."

his taste, often did his sums for him while he pursued the bent of his compelling genius." Next year we find him at the academy of Mr. Palice, "a floral drawing master," in Soho. In 1788 he had a short stay at a Margate school; some time before 1789 he was with Malton, a perspective draughtsman, who had a school in Long Acre, and in that year he went also to Mr. Hardwick, the architect. Malton twice returned him on his father's hands as no good. "Better make him a

tinker, sir, or a cobbler, than a perspective artist!" Hardwick, a man of standing in his profession, went to the old barber and told him plainly and sensibly that the boy was too clever and imaginative to be tied down to his severe science. Let him be an artist. This same year, 1789, saw him a full fledged student of the Royal Academy, though then only a boy of fourteen. Next year he exhibited his first picture on its walls, "A View of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth." There are sketches at South Kensington which were made prior to this, and which were the result of a visit to an uncle at Bristol. During this period he occupied his time in part in dashing in skies and foregrounds for Porden and other architects, and this work, however ill-paid, gave the painter power and facility. Soon we hear of him giving lessons at five, ten, and even more shillings each.

Events flew fast after this. In 1792 he established a studio outside of his father's house and shop, although at only a stone's-throw from them. This same year he paid a visit to Wales, the first of the long series of trips he eventually made to all parts of Great Britain and much of the Continent. On most of these journeys he took little beyond his sketch-book and changes of linen, and he would often walk twenty or twenty-five miles a day, making innumerable jottings and notes in pencil, but rarely attempting finished sketches, as artists would understand them today, "on the spot." It is pretty generally known that Turner, in sketching any given locality, never attempted to make it topographically correct. One day, Jones, the Academician, who had been discussing Turner's picture of the "Bay of Baia" with a traveller who had recently returned thence, found out that half the scene was Turner's sheer invention; upon which, in fun, Jones wrote on the frame, "SPLENDIDA MENDAX." Turner saw it, laughed, and merely remarked that all poets were liars!

Turner was particularly shy when out on these sketching trips, and on the very few occasions that he was accompanied by friends would never let them see him at work. On one occasion he had an empty hackney-coach drawn to a street in Oxford, and left there, so that he might sit inside and sketch unobserved by any one. At another time he sketched in a deep ditch rather than be overlooked.

How rapidly he progressed, both artistically and materially, may be gathered from the fact that he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1799, when he was only twenty-four years of age, and was able to move the same year from Hand Court, Maiden Lane, to a house in Harley Street. In 1802 he was elected full R.A., and in 1808 Professor of Perspective. Turner never could express his ideas clearly, even in ordinary conversation or correspondence, and his lectures are said to have been nearly incomprehensible, though he took great pains with the diagrams and other illustrations. On one occasion the assembled students noticed him fumbling in his pockets, and evidently fidgety and ill at ease. "Gentlemen," he said at last, "I've been and left the lecture in my hackney-coach!" There was no lecture that

night; but it is doubtful whether the students lost much. Turner, who was undoubtedly a poet on canvas, aimed to be the same in literature, and as he could not scan better than he could spell, the result was almost ludicrous. "The Fallacies of Hope," a long poem by him, which never went beyond the MS. stage, was a standing joke among his friends and brother Academicians. It was not discovered, however, among his effects at his death.

Turner's last and longest residence was in Queen Anne Street. Mr. Thornbury describes a visit paid by Mr. Gillott, the penmaker, of Birmingham, to him at his shabbily-kept house, which exhibits the difficulty often experienced by visitors in reaching him, even when they came to make purchases. "He arrived at the blistered dirty door of the house with the black-crusted windows. He pulled at the bell; the bell answered with a querulous, melancholy tinkle. There was a long inhospitable pause; then an old woman with a diseased face looked up from the area, and presently ascended and tardily opened the door, keeping the filthy chain up, however, as a precaution. She snappishly asked Mr. Gillott's business. He told her in his blandest voice. 'Can't let 'e in,' was the answer, and she tried to slam the door. But during the parley the crafty and determined Dives had put his foot in, and now, refusing to any longer parley, he pushed past the feeble enraged old she-Cerberus and hurried upstairs to the gallery. In a moment Turner was out upon him like a spider on another spider who has invaded his web. Mr. Gillott bowed, introduced himself, and stated that he had come to buy. 'Don't want to sell,' or some such rebuff, was the answer; but Gillott shut his ears to all Turner's angry vituperations.

"'Have you ever seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?' was his only remark.

"'Never 'eard of 'em,' said Turner.

"Gillott pulled from his pocket a silvery fragile bundle of Birmingham bank-notes (about £5,000 worth).

"'Mere paper,' said Turner, with grim humour, a little softened, and enjoying the joke.

"'To be bartered for mere canvas,' said Gillott, waving his hand at the 'Building of Carthage' and its companions.

"'You're a rum fellow,' said Turner, slowly entering into negotiations, which ended in Gillott eventually carrying off in his cab some £5,000 worth of Turner's pictures."

In Queen Anne Street, his studio on the drawing-room floor "was remarkable for a dusty and dirty buffet, bought at some second-hand Jew broker's. In this Turner kept the immemorial sherry-bottle with the broken cork that served him for a decanter, and which no joking of friends could get him to change. This was the identical bottle and buffet of which the old story was current at the clubs. A friend came to see Turner, and was treated with a glass of sherry from the old bottle and the old buffet—one glass. About the same time next year the artist came again, had another glass, and praised the wine. 'It ought to be good,' said Turner, 'it's the same bottle you tasted before.'

It was rarely, however, that any but the most

privileged friends ever entered that room. The gallery below, where the great works which he intended for the nation, with others which he sold by degrees, were exhibited, was dirty and sordid in its appointments, whilst not the most ordinary care was taken of the art treasures it contained. The skylight leaked, dust covered everything, and several cats roamed about at their pleasure. The same carelessness was shown by Turner in regard to the valuable proofs and prints from his pictures, for which he had often wrangled with the engravers. Once obtained, they were thrown aside to rot and mildew. When Mr. Ruskin arranged the sketches left by Turner, he had to examine, clean, and assort *nineteen thousand* pieces of paper, with drawings and memoranda upon them, often on both sides. They were mixed with dust, soot, and chalk—black and white—in powder; half of them were spotted with mildew and damp, and often eaten away at the edges.

The anecdotes of Turner on "Varnishing Days" at the Royal Academy are many, and can be very variously construed. Wilkie Collins, who as a boy used to accompany his father to carry his materials and make himself generally useful, remembers seeing Turner seated at the top of a flight of steps, astride a box. There he sat, nodding like a mandarin at his picture, which he, with a pendulum motion, now touched with his brush and now receded from. Yet, in spite of sherry, precarious seat, and old age, Turner went on shaping in some wonderful dream of colour, every touch meaning something, every pin's-head of colour being a note in the chromatic scale.

In 1822, Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge," and a tender grey sea-piece by Turner had been placed next to it. Constable's picture was strong and vigorous in colour and effect; Turner's had no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's picture seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. Turner stood behind him looking from the "Waterloo" to his own picture; and putting a round daub of red-lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his grey sea, went away without a word. The intensity of the red-lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. "I came," says Leslie, in his "Autobiographical Recollections," "into the room just as Turner left it. 'He has been here,' said Constable, 'and fired a gun.' On the opposite wall was a picture, by Jones, of 'Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego in the Furnace.' 'A coal,' said Cooper, 'has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea.' The great man did not come into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy." There are many stories of Turner's heightening the colour of his pictures to "kill" those of his neighbours' on the walls of the Academy; but as Mr. Monkhouse, one of his latest biographers, reminds us: "During those merry

'varnishing days,' which Turner enjoyed so much, attempts to outcolour one another were ordinary jokes—give-and-take sallies of skill made in good humour. No one entered into such contests with more zest than Turner, and he was not always the victor."

Chantrey, the sculptor, was a great joker on these days. On one occasion he went up with his beaming red face to a picture of Turner's which was specially luminous with orange chrome. Pretending to warm his hands at it, as at a fire, Chantrey said, "Why, Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. By-the-by, is it true, as I have heard, that you've got a commission at last to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?" Turner not merely took, but enjoyed harmless jokes like this. Once, too, when there was a report that the great artist had used some water-colour to tone his (oil) picture of "Cologne," Chantrey, either to try, or probably not believing the story, went to the painting, and wetting his finger, drew a great schoolboy cross on the sail of one of the vessels. To his horror he found that he had removed so many inches of glazing. But Turner was not even ruffled; he laughed heartily at being found out, and set to work to repair it.

The reason for Turner's wash of water-colour was in this case highly creditable to him. The story goes that on the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at the private view, a friend of Turner's led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back in consternation. The beautiful golden sky had changed to a dull dun colour! He ran to Turner, who was in another part of the room. "Turner, Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," muttered Turner, in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lampblack. It'll all wash off after the exhibition!" Sir Thomas Lawrence had two portraits, one on either side, and Turner's picture, left as at first, would have utterly ruined them by contrast of colour, so he had generously passed a wash of lampblack over his picture, and utterly spoiled it for the time-being.\* But Turner could be more generous in art matters than even this. Ruskin tells us, in his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," that "There was a painter of the name of Bird, and when Bird first sent a picture to the Academy for exhibition, Turner was on the hanging committee. Bird's picture had great merit, but no place for it could be found. Turner pleaded hard for it. No, the thing was impossible. Turner sat down and looked at Bird's picture a long time; then insisted that a place must be found for it. He was still met by the assertion of impracticability. He said no more, but took down one of his own pictures, sent it out of the Academy, and hung Bird's in its place."

Turner's picture of the "Snow Storm" was one that made the critics furious when it was exhibited. Some of them described it as a mass of "soapsuds and whitewash." "Turner," says Mr. Ruskin,

\* The stories, though bearing evident reference to the same picture and the same act of generosity, are discovered by some of Turner's biographers.



"was passing the evening at my father's house on the day this criticism came out; and after dinner, sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, I heard him muttering low to himself at intervals, 'Soapsuds and whitewash,' again, and again, and again. At last I went to him, asking why he minded what they said. Then he burst out, 'Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it!'" Turner felt particularly aggrieved in this case, for it was the record of an occasion during which he got the sailors to lash him to the mast of the Ariel steamboat to observe the storm, and remained in that position for four hours. His intention had been most serious—to record a gale, from which he had never expected to escape, but yet which he felt bound to represent should he survive. A similar story is told of Joseph Vernet, the great French artist.

Another picture of the same epoch in Turner's art career is "Peace: Burial at Sea," painted to commemorate Wilkie's funeral, which took place in the blue waters close to Trafalgar. Turner painted the sails in the steamer as black as he could make them, and when Stanfield complained he answered, "If I could find anything blacker than black I'd use it."

Mr. Leslie, in his "Autobiography," says, "It was reported that Turner had declared his intention of being buried in his 'Carthage,' the picture now in the National Gallery. I was told that he said to Chantrey, 'I've appointed you one of my executors. Will you promise to see me rolled up in it?' 'Yes,' said Chantrey; 'and I promise you also that, as soon as you are buried, I will see you taken up and unrolled.' This was very like Chantrey, and the story was so generally believed, that when Turner died, and Dean Milman heard he was to be buried in St. Paul's, he said, 'I will not read the service over him if he is to be wrapped up in that picture.'"

No sketch of Turner's life can properly omit mention of his great published work, the "Liber Studiorum." Early in his career he pitted himself against Claude, and there is no doubt that the latter's "Liber Veritatis" suggested the idea. In fairness, however, it must be remembered that Claude's book contains merely a series of memoranda, sketchy drawings meant to catalogue and identify his leading paintings, while Turner's work is a series of artistically rendered studies. The seventy-one plates of which it is composed were issued five at a time, enclosed in common blue and rather cheap-looking wrappers, at a total price of £17 10s., between the years 1807 and 1816; it is stated that £5,000 has been offered for a set of early proofs selected from different copies. All the evidence tends to show that Turner, who was his own and not very successful publisher, was utterly regardless of honour in his dealings, selling late prints for early proofs at greatly enhanced prices. The only excuse for him is that as he was continually touching up the plates—even to the extent of turning a sun into a moon, and entirely altering the effect—he may have regarded them as new works.

Turner, who commenced by selling water-colour

drawings in the barber's shop, at prices ranging from one to three shillings, and was glad to make sketches at the hospitable house of Dr. Monro, on Adelphi Terrace, for half-a-crown and his supper, lived to refuse £100,000 for the entire art contents of his house in Queen Anne Street, which offer was made by a Liverpool merchant-prince. "No, sir," said he; "I have refused a similar offer before." The would-be buyer offered to make it guineas, but Turner was obdurate. He tantalised this same buyer by showing him various books of sketches, got him to bid up to £1,000 apiece, and then asked him laughingly whether he would not like to have them. "Yes, yes," was the eager answer. "I dare say you would," answered the artist, as he put them away. "One of his oldest friends," says Thornbury, "tells me that the week Turner sold a picture he used to always appear dejected and oppressed, and if he was pressed to say why he appeared so low, he would say, sorrowfully, 'I've lost one of my children this week.'"

For a long period Turner found his oil pictures much less saleable than his drawings, and there is little doubt that this fact, in addition to the further fact that he had acquired considerable wealth, had much to do with his resolve to leave them to the nation. He determined to be, and knew that he would be, fully appreciated in the end. When once he had resolved to will the two great works, the "Rise" and "Fall of Carthage" to the National Gallery, no earthly power could move him to reconsider his determination. A great meeting was convened at Somerset House, at which Sir Robert Peel, Lord Hardinge, and other distinguished men were present, and £5,000 was subscribed in order to induce Turner to part with them, the intention being still to add them to the national collection. His old friend, Mr. Griffiths, brought him the memorial, and it is said that his eye brightened as he read it, that he was deeply moved, and even shed tears. The great artist was a man capable of intense feeling, though he rarely showed it. He expressed the pride and delight he felt at such a noble offer from such men; but he added, sternly, directly he read the word "Carthage," "No, no; they shall not have them." On Mr. Griffiths turning to leave, he called after him and said, "Oh, Griffiths, make my compliments to the memorialists, and tell them 'Carthage' may some day become the property of the nation." He had before refused a similar amount offered by a merchant who had just paid him £10,000 for other works.

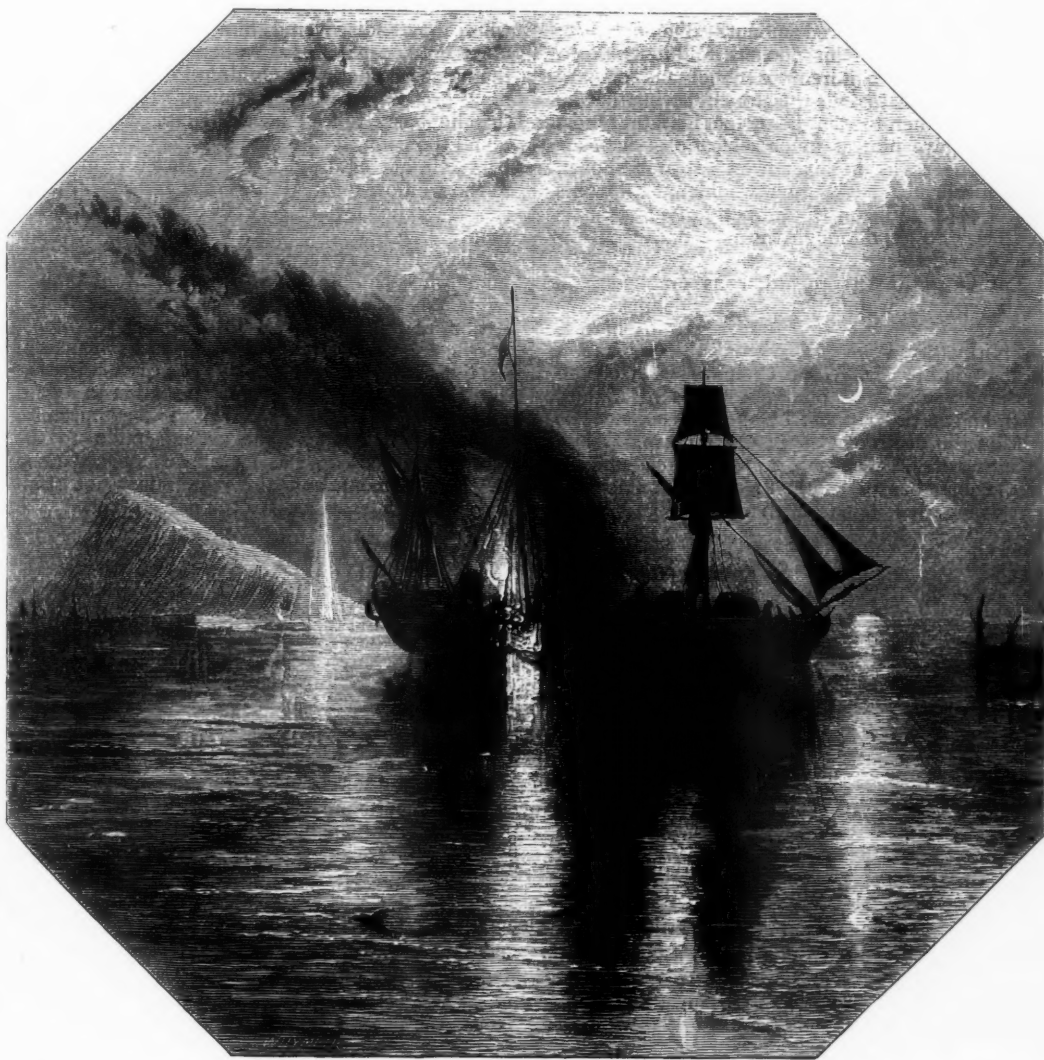
As one example of the great rise in the value of Turner's pictures during his lifetime, the case of a Venetian subject purchased by Chantrey may be cited. The sculptor paid £250 for it; it sold at his death, though in a damaged condition, for £1,500. For one of his works—a £100 commission from a gentleman who refused to take it in the end—Turner was offered, but declined to accept, £2,500. The collection of paintings made by Mr. Bicknell was sold in 1863, and among them were Turner's, which had cost that gentleman a total of £3,749 10s. They brought at auction £17,094. One of this series, "Antwerp: Van Goyen looking for a Subject," bought for £315, realised £2,635 10s. Any of these works would now probably fetch



greatly increased prices, while the rarer or engraved pictures have quadrupled in value, or risen in even greater ratio.

"All his surviving friends testify," says Thorn-

buying and showing kindness to the rising artist for many years, became involved, and was about to cut down a number of valued and valuable trees on his estate. Turner heard of it, and at



THE BURIAL OF WILKIE.

J. M. W. Turner.]

[From the Painting in the National Gallery.

bury, "with one voice to the benevolence and compassion he displayed whenever an occasion arose for charity or sympathy. Fire under snow his heart was; the soft sap was under the rough bark. His heart looked like rock, but when the angel touched it, out burst the living waters." An early patron of Turner, who had gone on

once wrote to the steward, sending him, it is said, as much as £20,000 to prevent the sacrifice. In time the affairs of this gentleman were righted, and he was enabled to repay the money. Years rolled on, and the son of Turner's benefactor became involved, and again Turner came to the rescue. So he returned a well-known copper-

plate engraver bills to the amount of £1,000 when they became due, willing to be paid or not at a future time as the affairs of his debtor should decide. When a drawing-master, and old friend of his, died, Turner showed all the kindness possible, and lent his widow a considerable sum of money. Fortune favoured her in some degree, and she was able to return it. She waited on Turner with the required amount. She offered it; but he, his hands in his pockets, told her to keep it and send her children to school and church. Ruskin somewhat spoils the story by saying that he had had neither, the fact being that his father most certainly gave him as much education—even art education—as lay in his power. It was shown, after his death, that Turner would not allow his lawyer to distrain on the property of his tenants in Harley Street, although the rent had been unpaid for some years.

Turner, ordinarily regarded as crabbed and hard, was warm in his rare friendships. He always spoke affectionately, and, regarding his art, reverently, of "Poor Tom Girtin," the companion of his youth. Mr. Wilkie Collins speaks of the tenderness displayed by him towards his father, when known to be doomed by heart disease. His grief at the death of Calcott was intense. When Chantrey died, Turner met a brother Academician in the chamber of death. He could not speak, but wrung his hands with almost passionate

vehemence, and rushed out of the house without uttering a word.

At last death came to him also. During 1851 he had been missed from the meetings of the Academicians, but it was so common for him to be absent from London that no very great notice was taken. His old housekeeper at last grew alarmed, and having obtained some clue to his whereabouts, discovered him hidden away in a quiet cottage at Chelsea, where he passed under the name of Booth, the children, in the neighbourhood prefixing it with "Admiral," from the idea that he was a retired naval officer. He was not found too soon, for he died the next day, December 19th, having been wheeled that very morning to the window for his last look at the sunshine on the river he loved so well and had so often painted.

His will came as a surprise to the nation. The man who had been popularly regarded as a wretched miser had left all his pictures to the nation, and the whole of his money (£140,000, barring some trifling legacies) for the benefit of his poor brethren in the art. Then came litigation and the reversal of his evident intention in regard to the disposal of the money. The compromise eventually made gave the art collection to the nation, £20,000 to the Royal Academy, £1,000 for a monument, and the remainder—not swallowed in law expenses—to the next-of-kin.

### The Angel.



AN angel stood winged on the shining hills  
Where the shadows of earth are unknown,  
Where life in its essence immortal distils,  
And living is rapture alone.

Past the golden gleam of the City of Light,  
Past the Throne and the crystal flow,  
Through the spaces, he saw the drear vision of Night,  
And the City of Darkness below.

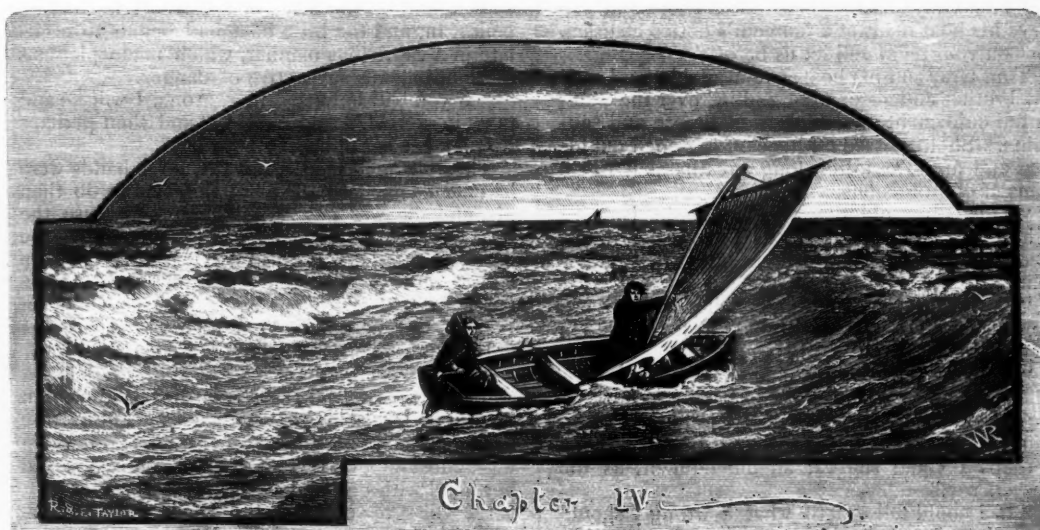
Then down from the splendours in silence he passed,  
All hushed was the song of the spheres;  
And the sheen of his wings in the gloom faded fast  
As he drew the chill breath of the years.

Unheeded 'mid tumults of anguish and wrath,  
He entered the City defiled;  
And the rapture of Love was the light on his path,  
As he bore from the darkness a child.

W. STEVENS.

## "WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.



"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy  
Will some day work me more annoy."  
—Byron.

**M**R. WINTON had his way, as usual, and Sholto was before long settled at a desk in the office of Messrs. Thornton and Company. They were provision merchants, wealthy and highly respected; and if Sholto had not become possessed by a distaste for shopwork (as he contemptuously called all manner of business that was outside of the learned professions and the army and navy) he might easily have reconciled himself to his duties. Unfortunately, his prejudice was rooted in natural tastes which he had been allowed to cultivate during his boyhood, and which had gained the mastery over him.

His parents, not comprehending the difficulties within himself with which he had to contend, and only knowing that Sholto possessed an easy, pliant disposition, expected that he could overcome his propensities if he chose, and were less anxious regarding him than a profound knowledge of human nature would have led them to be. They took lodgings for him in Edinburgh, thinking that if he were allowed to be master of himself in that way, the dignity of manhood would bring all boyish weaknesses into subjection. His "up-bringing" had been so orthodox that they never doubted he would develop all those good parts

which are supposed to be the natural fruits of strict and careful training; and having reached that comfortable conclusion, they dismissed from their minds all fears regarding his future.

That they were unhappily mistaken began to show itself—though not to *them*—very soon after Sholto's "year" began, and the first bad result of that ill-judged scheme was a certain withholding of the confidence which he had always displayed towards his parents. He grumbled as much as ever over the hard lines which had fallen to his lot, but not when talking to *them*. On Saturdays he usually went home to spend the day of rest there, and then Mona got the benefit of some of his dissatisfaction, but to his parents he became reserved about both work and amusement. If asked any questions, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he supposed it was all right, so they attributed the reserve to independence, and believed he was reconciling himself to the despised work after all. But Mona knew better. If Sholto had merely grumbled about the office as at first, she would not have minded very much, but there were other signs which began to cause her grave anxiety on his account. After a month or two, Sholto lost the frank, boyish manner which had characterised him, and a furtive glance of uneasiness began to take its place. Even when interested in the present his face wore a preoccupied

expression, which seemed to hint at some hidden care, and his sister began to feel an undefined anxiety about him, which no reasoning could dissipate.

He was loolling by the window one Saturday, looking out on the Firth with a listlessness that was altogether unlike his old manner, and Mona watching him became exceedingly concerned.

"Sholto," she said, softly, "it is such a lovely afternoon; would you not like to go off for a sail? I am wearying to be on the sea. Do take me."

He started up with his former eagerness and sparkling eyes. "The very thing, Mona. I dare say Tom Gray is somewhere about shore and can have his boat ready at a moment's notice as usual. Get on your plaid and let us be off."

Tom Gray and his boat were available, and soon the brother and sister were gliding over the water in full enjoyment of the pleasant breeze and sunshine. Sholto tossed off his cap, stretched out his legs and arms, and drew long breaths as if to rid himself of an incubus.

"This is like old times, Mona, lassie, isn't it? I have not been as happy as I am just now for weeks past—not since I went into that musty office."

"You are not becoming reconciled to the work, then. Poor To! But try to bear it, for a year will soon pass."

"Long before a year has gone I shall be—where?" he answered, moodily.

And his sister said, "I wish I knew how to help you. If you could tell me what worries you most, perhaps I could suggest an amendment, as the lawyers say."

"If I could tell exactly what is wrong I should not mind, but I don't know altogether myself. You will think I am a fool, Mona, for saying so, but really I cannot tell you *what* makes me miserable, only miserable I am. Everything feels wrong. I am ashamed that gentlemen I meet should know I am not in the position which I ought to hold. I feel as if I were choking every time I cross the threshold of that horrid office, where no whiff of pure air ever enters. I hate being in lodgings all by myself. I am all on edge, Mona, and there will be a cutting up rough before long."

"Sholto, dear, if your heart were given to God I think things would not bother you so—"

"Now, Mona," he interrupted, hotly, "don't *you* begin to lecture me about religion; I have heard enough of that from others."

Poor lad! he was in no mood for receiving such comfort or assistance, and Mona wisely held her tongue.

The boat was running out the Firth, and as it drew away from the shelter of the land the breeze freshened, carrying the little craft rapidly with it.

There was a long silence, and then Sholto spoke again, but this time in a soft, regretful tone. "I wish you and I could go on and on like this, sailing for ever, quite by ourselves, Mona, with nothing to care about, nothing to trouble us, nothing to tempt us."

In her heart, perhaps, Mona also thought that such a way of getting through existence would be

pleasant, provided one other shared its enjoyment with them; but she smilingly answered, "I am afraid we should begin to think about loaves and feather beds, and a few other sublunary matters, To, after a time. And don't you think we have gone far enough? You know we shall have to beat on the return voyage, and that will take some time."

Obedient to her wishes, Sholto attempted to turn the boat, but found that such a course was more easily pointed out than followed. A very strong tide was running, and the breeze had stiffened into a gale with that swiftness which is so common on the Scottish coasts. They had no ballast in, and the little boat had begun to oscillate in a capricious manner, which made pleasant motion, but was suggestive of danger.

"If you will hold the tiller, Mona, I will go and take in a reef," said Sholto, "and then perhaps we may get her upon another tack."

They changed places, but the girl's hands were less accustomed to the work they had to do than his, and she was not skilful enough to ease the boat off as a chopping sea came alongside. She gave a startled cry as the boat leant over and the water came in over the side, and at the same moment Sholto, seeing the danger, hauled down the sail. It was too late; another wave struck the light skiff as she lay over and fairly capsized her.

Fortunately for Mona and himself, the lad was a good swimmer, and the instant he felt himself in the sea he struck out to save his sister. She rose to the surface, buoyed up by her thick plaid, which was almost impervious to water, and Sholto grasped her hand with one of his.

"I will save you, Mona! Don't hold me too tight; and can you reach the boat?"

"I'll try."

She was not afraid when she heard his voice, and though at all times she had been accustomed to think of Sholto as needing her assistance more than she needed his, yet in this moment of peril, woman-like, she looked to him, and not to herself, for aid. Putting out her other hand, she came in contact with the boat, which was floating keel up, and then Sholto raised her so that she could lean upon it.

"We will do now," he said, quite cheerfully, "if some passing craft is good enough to pick us up; otherwise it may be a case of going on and on together, you and I, after all."

Mona was too much alive to the extreme peril of her position (also the chill and shock of the submersion had shaken her nerves considerably) to think, far less to talk, with such philosophic calmness. Sholto's anxiety was all on her account.

"You are not feeling ill? You can keep up for a little while, Mona darling? Oh! God save her; keep her;" and the loving-hearted lad, who had no prayers to offer for himself, cried, with deep earnestness, to Heaven on his sister's behalf. And scarcely had the cry of his soul gone forth than there appeared, not far distant, a large fishing-boat beating up the Firth. "Courage, Mona; there is help at hand," and Sholto, raising himself as high as possible upon the boat, waved his hand



and shouted loudly. In a minute he had the satisfaction of seeing the rescuers bearing down towards them, and before long both were safely on board of their townsman Thomson's fishing-boat.

"What in all the world brought you to this strait, Mr. Sholto?" Thomson asked, but Sholto was too much occupied in restoring his sister from her almost unconscious condition to enter into any explanation.

"Have you any sort of cordial on board?" he asked. "Get some very quickly."

One of the men, removing a plank, pulled up a large foreign jar, which contained good brandy. While Thomson touched Mona's lips with the smuggled liquor, Sholto sprinkled more upon her forehead and hands, and had the joy of finding that she revived rapidly.

"Good luck to your secret trade, men," laughed the light-hearted lad. "No brandy ever did better service than this. I hope there is more where it came from, for I have recklessly spilt a good quantity."

"Plenty of shot in our locker, Mr. Sholto."

Mona by that time could sit up and look about her; could even listen with some interest to the conversation going on between her brother and the men.

"You have had a lucky run, then?" she heard Sholto say.

"We're chokeful under the boards, and it would be no joke, I tell ye, if the revenue cutter hove in sight at this moment. There be sharp eyes on board o' her, and they would spy our canny lockers in a jiffy."

Mona glanced towards the bow of the boat, where two men were employed in returning the jar of brandy to its secret repository, and her quick wits comprehended the position of affairs at once. At any other time she might have been tempted to lecture the men on the impropriety (not to mention danger) of the course they were pursuing; but feeling, as she did just then, most grateful to them for a rescued life, she could only draw Sholto's attention from the alluring topic by addressing the skipper.

"What a strange coincidence it seems, Thomson, that you, of all people, should have been the one to help us—Sholto's old friends!"

"Ah, miss; many's the time Mr. Sholto has been in this boat, but we never thought as how he'd come into her as he and yoursel did the noo! Some men would see bad luck to either him or you or us in what has happened, but *I'm* no' that kind o' fool."

"It certainly was the best bit of luck that could have happened to my sister and myself," exclaimed Sholto. "Have any of you fellows any superstitious notions about what has happened?" and he darted a laughing glance from face to face, a glance that was responded to with looks of mirth.

"My old father used to put a deal o' store upon the like," said Thomson, "and if he had been where I am he'd have declared that our run o' luck changed when we hauled you out o' the sea."

"Then hadn't you better chuck us overboard again?" replied the gay, mocking boy.

"Not for all the 'stuff' that passes the Customs," said the skipper, heartily; and the men smiled assent.

It did Mona's misgiving heart good to find what a strong hold Sholto had upon those rough men. They could not be hardened in evil courses since they loved a lad like him; and he could not have the irresolute, almost weak nature which she had rather allowed herself to believe he had, if sturdy, daring men looked up to him with respect and admiration.

By that time they were drawing near the shore, and a sharp look-out was kept to ascertain if there was any risk in landing.

"You could easily run into the creek by Inveresk Cottage," said Sholto, observing that the boat was being headed for another point, and thinking that Mona would scarcely like to walk through the village in her dripping clothes. "It is high tide—we can easily land there, Thomson."

"If you think best, Mr. Sholto, we can drop you and Miss Winton by the rocks, but it's more than we dare bring our boat in yonder, noo that Mr. Winton sees a deal o' sin in our little bit o' trade."

"Regular cant!" Sholto muttered, but in so low a tone that no one heard him except Mona, who thought it most prudent to take no notice of what had been said by either. By Sholto's desire the boat drew near the creek and then lay off motionless for a minute or two, as if waiting a signal. In the indistinct evening light they saw a young man step from behind the houses and whistle.

"That means all square. Hulloo, Tom Gray! come and help Miss Winton to land."

Very much surprised, young Gray came down to the rocks as the boat touched them, and still more surprised was he when he learned that his own little boat was floating out to sea by that time; but when told of the accident, all he said was, "Let her go. What care I since the young lady and you are safe." Tom grasped Sholto's hand and added fervently, "Thank God you escaped."

Sholto's conscience smote him as the companion of his boyhood uttered these words, for he remembered then that no thanksgiving had gone up to heaven from his own heart. But time for thinking was not given him, as Mona wished to hurry indoors. Accordingly the sister and brother presented themselves before their astonished parents in a very disordered condition, as regarded their garments.

Although they declared themselves to be all right, Mrs. Winton insisted upon sending for the doctor; and Danford Munro, who had been busily occupied in writing an article on some medical subject all the afternoon and evening, was much disturbed by receiving a message entreating him to come to Inveresk Cottage at once, for both "Miss Winton and Mr. Sholto had been drowned, and were just breathing, that was a'."

In hot haste Danford ran to the cottage to find Sholto disputing with his mother over a basin of gruel, and Mona lying on the sofa looking pale but happy, with her long brown hair hanging in damp clusters over her dressing-gown.

"We've had a spill, Dan," was Sholto's concise mode of telling of the accident, but his mother exclaimed, "Oh! doctor, the most dreadful thing has happened. It is only through a miracle that they have escaped."

"No' a miracle, wife," added John Winton, in grave broken tones. "Just the hand o' the Almighty that is always nigh unto them that call upon Him. It may be for your edification, doctor, as well as for my son's gude, if I tell you that when they were out yonder I was sorely exercised in mind about the lad—no' about my lassie, for the angels have her in their keeping always. But I felt constrained to wrestle in prayer for Sholto. And it was given me to believe that my prayer was heard, and that it would be to me according to my faith. Ye hear, Sholto, and ye must lay my words to heart. I thought ye were in spiritual danger only, but the poor body was in peril too. Soul and body like to perish together if the Lord had not preserved you in answer to your father's request. Take thought, and let this be a lesson ye will no' soon forget." And the worthy elder having delivered himself of this speech, in which paternal feeling and stern admonition were curiously blended, left the room.

Then Dr. Munro got a more detailed account of what had happened, but he somewhat checked the flow of Sholto's eloquence by reproving him rather sharply for having exposed his sister to such danger; and not even Mona's declaration, that if Sholto had not acted like a man, she would not have been there to tell it, could mollify the doctor. Sholto, however, took all that was said in good part, and in that way turned aside the edge of his friend's censure.

For a few weeks it seemed as though that adventure had had a good effect on Sholto's spirits, and his sister almost believed that the weight of inexplicable trouble, of which he had complained, had been left in the Firth of Forth, or had been carried out to sea with Tom Gray's boat! But gradually the clouds began to gather over him again, deeper and darker than before, for they seemed to be taking shape as if some distinct cause for their presence had arisen. The sadness upon Sholto's spirits was no longer a fitful shadow; it had become a settled reality.

His parents, still blind, and believing that their son's depression arose from spiritual anxiety, congratulated themselves upon his altered appearance, and took for granted that he was becoming thoughtful about the highest matters. As they only saw him for a few hours each week they were to be excused for arriving at such a conclusion. His sister's more delicate perceptions led her to form a very different opinion on the subject.

"I wonder if it is about any girl?" was the first question which Mona asked herself—that is always the first solution of a mystery which presents itself to a woman's mind—and immediately she set herself to finding out if her conjecture was right, by putting Sholto through an ingenious course of cross-questioning.

You may be sure it was not mere curiosity—not a mere feminine wish to be on the track of a love story—that prompted Mona's inquiries.

She very well knew that the lad would have confided his secret to her if there had been no difficulties in his way, and if he had felt sure of her approval. He had always come to her for help, and she feared that he must be conscious of something she was certain to condemn, or he would have told her of his trouble. That he was not experiencing any religious struggle she was certain. Mona knew her brother's character well enough to be sure that when his heart opened itself to the love of God there would be no half-closed doors and windows—no blinds drawn to temper that blessed, glorious, dazzling light. Sholto's religion would be a sunny one altogether.

Having taught herself to reason upon every subject which called for action, Mona argued that, taking everything into consideration, it was not probable that she would reach the truth by simply asking Sholto to tell it, and she was rather perplexed how to act otherwise. To remain a passive spectator of his suffering was impossible, and round-about modes of procedure were foreign to her nature. Very soon, however, a way out of the difficulty suggested itself in consequence of a remark made by Dr. Munro. He had said to her that he hoped all was right with Sholto, but he was afraid Mr. Winton had been too hasty in deciding for the lad; and Mona immediately resolved upon telling her fears to the doctor.

Their evening walks had been given up since Sholto left home, except on very rare occasions, when Danford chanced to meet her as he returned from some professional visit, and asked permission to escort her back to Inveresk Cottage.

Mona had learned that evening by the hawthorn-tree that he was not her *friend* merely, and the heart flutterings which assailed her whenever he drew near warned her that she was no longer capable of regarding him with the calm friendship of old times. No word of love had passed between them, but Mona was conscious that there was a marked difference in his manner towards her; and whenever she allowed herself to meet his glance, her whole being thrilled before the unspoken love that she read there. She was beginning to wonder at rare moments why he did not "speak," and to feel just a little uneasy on the subject. Yet, with the inconsistency which seems to mark a girl's conduct in such circumstances, Mona avoided giving her lover an opportunity for making the proposal which she was yearning to accept!

Mrs. Winton had guessed for some time how it was with the young couple, and though she tried to prevent gossip by prohibiting those delightful strolls in which they had so frequently indulged, she did all that a prudent mother could to help on the courtship indoors. When folks get into years, and appreciate the comforts of an easy-chair and pleasant fire, they are apt to forget that Love's best auxiliaries are the charms of nature and the absence of all artificial leading-strings; and Mrs. Winton, worthy woman! did not think ever that perhaps the young man had some difficulty in plunging into such an interesting subject beside a tea-tray or a basket of needlework. Indeed, some gentlemen have perversely been known to "hold

back for an age," though their hearts were very much involved, just because officious matrons have left the drawing-room too obviously!

Mona had more than once been much annoyed by her mother's well-meant measures, and had contrived to foil them in a rather aggravating manner; but Mrs. Winton never ventured to remonstrate, having, if the truth were known, a little dread of crossing her daughter, whose marked decision and high spirit were properties which Mrs. Winton never felt equal to meeting. Dr. Munro was a great favourite of hers, and she did not share in her husband's prejudice against him; but she believed that Mr. Winton's unreasonable (she called it that in her heart, but never permitted such a thought to find words) dislike was the sole cause why the doctor delayed to press his suit; therefore she began to feel a little uneasy regarding the sequel of it.

Mrs. Winton, unlike many mothers, had no desire to push her daughter into the matrimonial market, but she did fervently hope that Mona would marry while she was young, and marry a gentleman. She remembered how, when she was Mona's age, she had scorned the thought of uniting her fate to any one less highly connected than herself, and how she had waited through long years, until youth and beauty had faded, and she was glad to accept rough, untaught John Winton. She forgot that her daughter was very differently constituted from herself, and she feared that Mona might be obliged to do as her mother had done. It was not, then, wonderful that Mrs. Winton should greatly desire to see Mona wedded to such a very eligible young man as Danford Munro, and do what she could to help on the wooing.

Notwithstanding her semi-invalidism, she generally became actively employed in housekeeping when the doctor's professional call was ended and Mona came into the room, so that an opportunity for private conversation was not often wanting, though it was never of the girl's making. Such an opportunity had occurred when Danford made that remark about his absent friend, and Mona caught up his words at once.

"I do not believe that all is right with Sholto," she replied, "and I am now *sure* that the arrangement with the Thorntons was a very injudicious step to take."

"To tell the truth, Miss Winton, I don't like Sholto's look one bit. Either he is in bad health or in trouble. Has he given you any hint?"

"Oh, no! And I was almost hoping that you would know something about it. He was always very confidential with you."

"That is what makes me most anxious; he has lost so much of his frank, unsuspecting way of telling out everything. One never required to question Sholto."

"What can be wrong with the poor boy? Oh, Dr. Munro, it makes me very miserable to see him look as he does at times."

"I cannot at all conjecture what is the matter; at least, I do not know of any special cause for the alteration that has come over him. I can only guess, and most likely guess wrong."

"I should think you were very likely to guess right. Tell me, please, what you have thought?"

"I have only thought that perhaps he was learning some fast town ways, and to a lad of his simple, sensitive nature, a very small error would seem a serious backsliding. Sholto pretends to despise the strict rules by which he has been led, but I suspect he honours them in his heart more than he allows. I wish I had been bred under a like *régime*. Now I should not wonder if he were fretting about some mere trifle, as it would be thought by one with less strict example before him in his early life."

Mona shook her head. "No! no! Sholto has other views of right and wrong than that, but no one will discover what is wrong if you can't."

"I will try if you wish me to do so."

"I am sure I could help him if I knew, my poor darling To."

"It will be certainly good for him that you should be placed in your old position of adviser and comforter."

"Ah, Dr. Munro, I could advise and comfort when Sholto's troubles were nothing more than boyish scrapes, but he evidently feels now that I am too weak a support when it comes to matters of life-moment. He is more likely to seek you now than poor Mona."

"I don't believe it. I am sure the need for you can never be transferred to any substitute whatever. And do you dream that *I*, of all people, could stand in place of Sholto's sister? *I*, who need a guardian angel as much as he does? *I*, who am more weak, more wicked than that poor boy can ever be?"

Mona looked at him with fear and amazement, and that checked the flow of impetuous words at once.

"You think I am very foolish—not worthy to help you to help Sholto. Will you trust me, notwithstanding my own words?"

"I can trust you." Yet her voice faltered.

"Thank you. Sholto has sometimes asked me to run up and see him in his bachelor's abode, so I will go to Edinburgh to-morrow, and in that way I may get at the trouble, whatever it is. I believe his keen feelings may be exaggerating some trifle, and he is brooding over it until it has become a very serious matter in his estimation. Now don't worry yourself too much, for I doubt not a little reasoning and common sense will put the whole mystery right."

"You are very good to Sholto and me," was all Mona could say; and Dr. Munro walked off without adding another word.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Our weakness is the strength of sin,  
But Love must needs be stronger far."

—Whittier.

WE will follow Danford Munro into his den (as he called a very snug surgery) later in the evening. There is a skeleton in the doctor's cupboard, which we want to peep at, and we



are not likely to be gratified by a sight of it unless we constitute ourselves eavesdroppers.

He was sitting in front of the fire with one leg dangling over the arm of his chair and the other elevated so that its foot rested against the mantelpiece.

A cigar lay half-consumed upon the table, close beside a glass of spirits-and-water. One arm was



TROUBLED THOUGHTS.

raised above his head, so that the hand could grasp the back of the chair, and the other hand was thrust into his pocket. Not a romantic, scarcely a gentlemanly, and far from a professional attitude; and yet Danford Munro was a clever doctor, a thorough gentleman, and was indulging in the most romantic thoughts at the moment.

"I declare I don't know what to do," he soliloquised. "I can think of nothing else but that girl from morning to night, and when night comes—oh, how she haunts my sleep! It is Mona, Mona, Mona, day and night. And Mona I must win, come what may. And yet—ought I to bind her to one like myself? It would be the height of selfishness, would ruin her life most likely. No, I am bad, perhaps, but not so selfishly bad as that. I will not see her more—but then to go away, knowing that she cares for me! Yes, there is no doubt about that. It is not vanity that makes me think so, for her own sweet, pure, artless ways have revealed it. Then how can I turn my back on her, knowing, as I do, that she wants my love as much as I want hers? She would believe that I had

trifled with her; she would think me a heartless, mean brute, and she shall not do that. So!"

A pause, then he began once more. "Could I not tell her that there is a reason why I dare not ask her to be my wife, though I love her with all my soul? I might hint that I was sacrificing myself for her sake, so that she should not go away with the notion that she was the chief sufferer. I would of course explain very clearly that I had not intended drawing her affections towards myself; that I had gone on, unconsciously finding more and more pleasure in her society, and never knowing what it would lead to until I discovered that I was over head and ears in love—and perhaps she was the same. She has none of the petty affections of woman-kind, and she would never mind owning (or allowing me to hint) that her affections had become involved. Girls are great fools if they suppose we don't find that out pretty soon. Do they think fellows would propose if they were not confident on that point? It is a mean shame of them to draw us on if they mean to smother up their feelings and wait for a better 'establishment,' but if I thought Mona was a woman of that sort I would be glad—positively glad—for then she would not mind. But, oh dear me! I know too well how much she will mind. I never was so tempted to do a mean thing in all my life. I never was so tempted to conceal the truth and take the good gifts which the gods send me without more ado—but no. Come now, Dan, you are weak and wicked in some ways, but you know what honour and truth mean, and you are not going to begin to go wrong there. Love for a good woman must make me a better, not a worse, man."

A long pause, then: "I will confess to her. I will tell her that I would deny myself anything rather than bring grief to her! Yes, that might do; she would believe me, and she would look at me with her tender, unspeakably lovely grey eyes; and she would perhaps put her timid little hand in mine and tell me how sorry she felt, and how she would pray for me, and hope that I would be happy, and then—I could only pour out my long-boarded passion in her hearing, and she would sob out hers, and oh! I would never, never, never leave her after that! Mona, why are you more faultless than any other women I have known? Why are you so good that I dare not act a lie to you—that I dare not do the mean thing which my heart desires—that I dare not ask you to be mine?"

Here Munro's imagination got the better of him, and, dashing his feet to the ground, he displaced the fire-irons with such a clatter that his dog and cat, amicably reposing together on the hearthrug, sprang up and stood on the defensive, under the impression that such an unusual commotion meant nothing less than an onslaught on each by the other. Their master laughed savagely. "You were to have undergone torture, my beasts, when a soft bit in my heart petitioned for your lives; and there you are, snug and comfortable, but ready to fly at me if I disturb your repose. If you knew it, no vivisection could be more horrible than the pain I am undergoing at this moment. What a fool I am! How little parents dream of what they do when they neglect to strengthen



their children in early youth by noble precepts and examples. I would give my blue-blood, and all else I have received with my old name, for honest, vulgar John Winton's belief in a Providence able and willing to help a man to overcome everything. It was all very fine of my reverend cousin to tell me that the grace of God was sufficient to save me, but my experience as a medical man—and one who has seen much of life, too—goes to prove that when once a man has put on the chains of this demon who has me in thrall he rarely rids himself of them. 'With God all things are possible,' so says the Bible. I wish with all my soul that I believed that, and could rest upon so encouraging a faith; but I cannot, and so I must fight it out to the bitter end alone. I wonder now," and Munro flung himself into the chair again, "whether I had not better tell Mona straight out *all* about myself, and leave her to judge for herself and me—make the offer, in short, along with a frank avowal of my folly, and leave her to decide for us. Yes; that seems the most honourable way, after all, seeing that things have gone so far. But have I not tried to tell her scores of times and never yet had courage to do it because I should also have to confess how slight is my hope of ever overcoming the sin. Oh, what an awful thought that is! If I yielded once after resolving to abstain, I may yield again. I cannot trust myself, and—deepest depth of humiliation for one who feels himself so strong in every other way—I should have to tell her that it is so. Perhaps if she were beside me always I would be strong, but who can tell? Oh, this love of strong drink! What mystery of justice is this that I, with every desire to do right, to refrain from folly, should be turned aside by a vice that I hate? I was little more than a boy when tempted to it by men older than myself, and I was left without any one to warn me of the wrong. I only came to find out the degradation into which I had fallen through the accusations of my own higher nature. Why then should I carry through all my life the consequences of such youthful madness? Bah! I am raving. Men are warned that it must be so, and that there is no stricter justice than the very system I condemn. Yet I should not be surprised if I inherit that evil propensity from my grandfather, just as I inherit his hooked nose."

After this not very charitable reflection upon his ancestor, Munro became more calm in his cogitations.

"Suppose now," he pondered—"suppose, Dan, you go at once and make a clean breast of it to Mona. No half-and-half confessions, mind, and no saddling of your own misdeeds upon respected ancestors. That won't do. Every man must stand or fall by his own actions, and it will not do to lay the blame on others. I am responsible for myself; that is true, and I won't seek shelter in a coward's excuse. Well, Dan, you will have to tell Mona how you have forgotten yourself, even after you became fully alive to the shame and horror of your falling, and had resolved with oaths that you would never yield to the tempter again. You will have to lay all bare before her, and what will she

say and do? Ah! you know. She will tell you sweetly that she loves you, for she is too kind and honest to conceal the truth, but she will say that a man who cannot control himself is not the one who can make her happy. And no persuasions of yours will make her change her decision; nor could you blame her. Perhaps she would say, as his reverence did, that the grace of God can strengthen a man to resist *any* evil, but I am not hypocrite enough to pretend I believe that, though it would be leaving a chance for me. I've got a practical matter to grapple with, and theology cannot assist me; at least the sort of theology too often practised in the world. Oh, the curse of the drink!"

Munro's eye had fallen upon his unfinished glass of toddy, and, starting up, he dashed the contents of the glass into the fire, which demonstration eased his feelings enough to make him aware of the disturbances he had been creating upon his domestic hearth. He gravely set himself to adjusting the poker and tongs, and making pussy comfortable on her hassock.

"I beg your pardon, Thor," he said, addressing the dog; "you can have my chair." Then, discovering that the hour was late, the doctor marched off to bed, and was soon fast asleep, notwithstanding the state of his feelings—a state which is generally supposed to be antagonistic to repose of either soul or body.

Sholto was entertaining some friends in his bachelor's rooms next evening. A hopeful scion of the firm of Messrs. Thornton and Sons was one of the guests. Two raw students, a young medical graduate, and a Captain Brown, belonging to the regiment stationed at the Castle, made up the party. The young men were enjoying themselves after the mode which their class considers *the thing*. They were smoking, drinking, talking slang, and singing nonsense, when Dr. Munro was announced.

"Hollo, Dan! Welcome as flowers in May!" exclaimed the young host, grasping his friend's hands with feverish eagerness. "You could not have come at a better hour."

"I don't know that," thought Danford, but he only said, "Thank you, Sholto. I hope I shan't be in the way."

"In the way! Nonsense. No one more welcome than yourself, old fellow. You know Jack Thornton, I think, and Dr. Wilson. Captain Brown, this is my friend Dr. Munro. He comes from home."

"Not the mentor sent up by the home authorities, I hope," said the young officer, with an unpleasant sneering smile, which prejudiced Danford Munro against him at once, and made him feel as if he would like to chuck the speaker through the window.

"Sholto does not require a mentor, I trust, and that is not my forte," he said, shortly. He did not feel that his visit was opportune by *any* means, and yet the object of his visit was gained, through finding Sholto so engaged and in such company. "It is as I suspected. No need to question the poor boy now," thought Munro, as he noted the conversation of the young men, and observed how

rapidly the decanters made the tour of the table. He almost fell into a brown study as he sat by Sholto, taking little or no part in what was going on, but thinking of the time (not many years before) when a like scene of revelry had its charms for him, and when he learned, as poor Sholto Winton was learning, "to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind." "One good shall come of my trouble, at any rate," thought Munro; "I will save this boy—Mona's darling! I will drag him, perforce, if nothing less will do it, back from the pit into which I fell." He was so occupied with his own thoughts that he scarcely seemed conscious of where he was, and more than one of the party winked knowingly at each other, as they talked of "bookworms," "absent-minded pill-makers," and the like, but he was recalled to keen participation in the scene by young Thornton addressing him.

"I hope you left them all well at Inveresk Cottage, doctor? Is Miss Winton looking as charming as ever?"

"Sholto's family are all well," Munro answered, sternly.

"Ah! is there an attraction there? Now I know why you are such friends with our host, Thornton. Winton, you secretive dog, why did you never tell me you had a charming sister? Are you keeping her for Jack Thornton? Too bad of you not to give a fellow a chance." Thus Captain Brown, with his unpleasant smile.

Poor Sholto's self-control had been ebbing fast with his liquor, and he turned upon his guests with the fierce wrath of a wild beast.

"I won't have my sister's name spoken by fellows like you. Hold your tongues!"

But instead of holding their tongues, the young men got up a perfect babel of sound. The spirits were potent, and the noise waxed louder and louder. Mona's name was tossed from lip to lip, and her brother was powerless to prevent it. In vain he stormed and shouted; the others only laughed, and plied him with their foolish banter until he became almost beside himself with passion. In vain Dr. Munro strove to recall them all to a sense of what was seemly. In vain he entreated his friend to pay no attention to the foolish jests of his companions. The drink had done its work, and at last something was said which threatened to make the revelry end more seriously than even Danford had anticipated.

Captain Brown called out so that all the others heard him, "Come, now, Winton, I'll make a bargain with you. I will give up all pretensions to Kate Mowbray if you will introduce me to your sister."

"Scoundrel! say that again if you dare," shouted the boy, in a furious tone.

"Pretty Kate would cry, no doubt," replied Brown, with exasperating coolness, "but I begin to tire of fashionable girls. I should dearly like to become acquainted with an unsophisticated country maiden, who would know how to blush when a fellow murmured soft nothings to her. A bargain, Winton, eh?"

Sholto's face, flushed by drink and temper, became pale as that of a corpse; and rising to his

feet, he spoke to Brown as quietly as if he had never been under the influence of either spirits or passion.

"Leave this room instantly, sir, if you wish to leave it unharmed," he said.

Captain Brown tried to laugh, but the sudden silence which had fallen on the party when Sholto spoke, showed him that the time for joking had gone past. If he had not been a coward, he would have answered the lad with words as mad as his own; but not being made of very true British mettle, he could only do as he ought to have done when first admonished by his host—the soldier held his tongue! There was an awkward pause, then Sholto put his hand into the pocket of his jacket, and, to the horror of all, drew out a pistol.

"Do you mean to do as I order you, or take the consequences?" he said, in low, measured tones, so unlike his usual impulsive mode of speaking that even the most heedless of the party started.

Dr. Munro, fearing mischief, said to the others with quiet firmness, "This has gone far enough, gentlemen. I advise you to leave. I came to spend the night with my friend, and I shall remain here. You had better go at once."

He was older than any of them, and some inches taller. He was also quite sober, which they were not; therefore he was obeyed, and Danford was soon left alone with Sholto. The lad had never taken his eyes off Captain Brown until his rival disappeared. Then his hand fell heavily on the table, a crimson flush spread over his white face, and he dropped his head upon his breast. When the door had closed upon the last of the young men, Dr. Munro went up to Sholto and laid his hand kindly upon his shoulder.

"Well, old fellow!" he said, in cheery tones, "now we have got rid of them, let us be comfortable. Come and rest here by the fire, and we will talk about Prestonpans and old times."

"Oh, Dan! oh, Dan!" and Sholto turned his grey eyes with a look of piteous appeal upon his friend; those eyes so like Mona's that Danford felt his whole heart melting under their gaze. "Oh, Dan! I am most miserable. What a brute you must think I have become. What a vile wretch I know I am." And the poor boy flung himself across the table, with his face hidden in his arms in a frenzy of remorse at his murderous passion.

Danford gently took up the pistol which had fallen from Sholto's fingers, and placed it on the mantelpiece.

"Don't worry yourself any more to-night, laddie; it will be all right by-and-by."

But Sholto only groaned and repeated, "Oh, how miserable I am!"

"And no wonder," said his friend, cheerfully—"no wonder, with such a set of idiots plaguing the life out of you. But there, now, we really must not talk about them or their absurdities any more to-night. You have got a bad headache, Sholto; your brow is as hot as possible, and you will make yourself ill if you go on like this any longer. Just think how vexed they would be at the cottage if they heard that you were laid up. Let me see you

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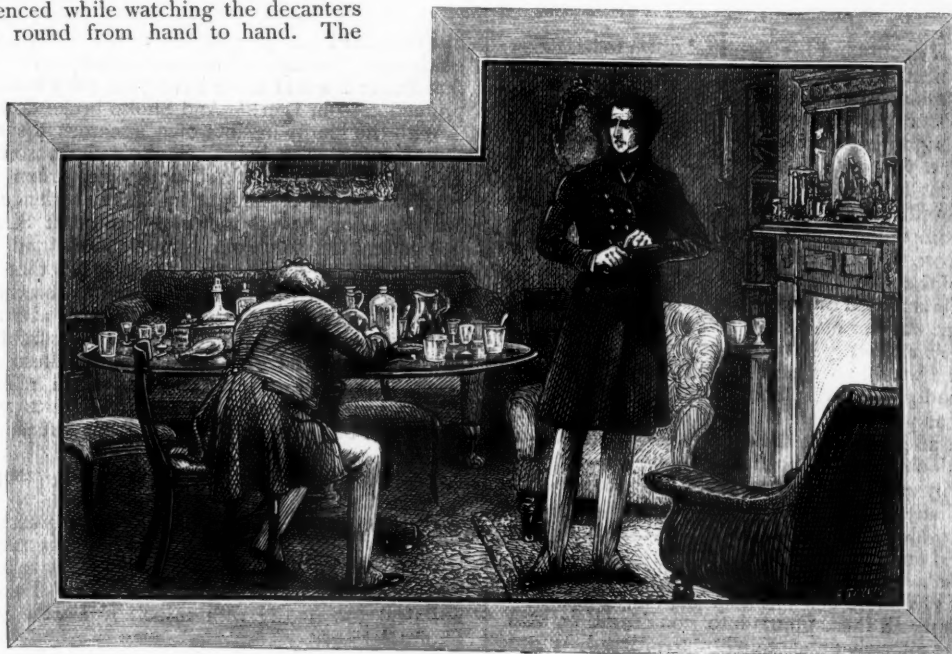
into bed, and we will postpone all talk till to-morrow. There's a good fellow. Now get off your things and lie down."

Chatting thus, he soothed and wiled his young friend until he had got him into bed, where Sholto gradually fell into the troubled sleep which follows such excess as he had been guilty of that evening.

Then Danford seated himself by the fire, and began to soliloquise after his favourite mode.

"I am most thankful I did not make a fool of myself, and yet I never had to put the curb on so tightly before. Ugh!" And he shuddered as he recalled the sensations he had experienced while watching the decanters spin round from hand to hand. The

sat in the empty parlour all night long, pondering deeply over many subjects. The stifling, tainted air of the room perhaps helped to make him feel both dejected and sleepless. At last the city clocks striking four reminded him that the night was far spent. Going across to the window, he threw it up, and the pure air came floating in, dispelling a great part of the watcher's melancholy. The dawn was just breaking, for somewhere beyond the German Ocean the sun was slowly rising. All the dreamy heights of Dunedin lay wrapped in the dusky folds of night, but as the



A REMORSEFUL MOMENT.

glimpses which we have had of Dr. Munro may help us a little to understand some of his struggles. The disconnected thoughts to which he had given utterance were but the imperfect expression of the struggle which he was passing through, and we must pity before we condemn; for Christianity has no more subtle foe than the great and noble God-derived intellect which some men possess. He had not had a religious education, consequently he had not even a creed to hold on to, and had drifted among the shoals of self-confidence and unbelief. His own strong will and energy had stood him instead of religious scruples, and his natural abhorrence of all that was unmanly and dishonourable had assisted him to resist evil—with one exception. Therefore he continued the attempt to "work out his own salvation" in his own way; and that he had hitherto failed, and might fail again, must be no matter of surprise to any one who knows how powerless man is to save himself.

Danford did not follow Sholto's example, but

golden sunlight struck against some spire or rocky eminence, the dark hollows became lit up, and showed their picturesque and varied outlines. Then a bank of rose-tinted clouds hung over Arthur's Seat, bathing its heather crown in the warm colouring, and gradually the rich glow spread over Salisbury Craigs and Calton Hill, over fair street and square and dirty close and alley. As the blue smoke began to curl from chimneys, and a fitful murmur to spread abroad, proclaiming that men were rousing up to the duties of a new day, Dr. Munro flung himself upon the sofa, and took a more lively view of things than he had been doing all night.

"I don't see the use of giving in, either on my own account or Sholto's. We will fight it out, as I have said to myself so often during the last two days. Yes; we'll fight and we'll conquer! I have bought my experience dear, but it shall be used to save Sholto. We have hope and we have Mona! and having these we will not despair."



How hope and Mona helped him instead of higher and stronger power you will learn soon. That he believed the former to be all powerful seemed certain; for having brought all his conflicting thoughts to that conclusion, he made himself comfortable on the sofa and went to sleep, and when Sholto's landlady came in an hour later to tidy up she believed that he had been making a night of it like the others.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Brave Physician! Rare Physician!  
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission."

—Longfellow.

THE doctor and his friend sat down to breakfast next morning in a very unamiable state of mind. Sholto was not only ashamed of his behaviour on the previous evening, but he felt that he was going to be lectured, and however conscious a young man may be that he deserves a reprimand, he nevertheless considers himself aggrieved when it is served upon him by a friend and companion. Munro, on the other hand, had no desire to act as Sholto's mentor. He was not one of the men who consider themselves bound to warn and advise their friends.

That was not the doctor's forte, as he had told Sholto's visitors, "but to give timely counsel, to speak a word in season," he knew well how to do, and had gone to visit Sholto for that express purpose, as we know.

But after the scene of the preceding night Munro was doubtful whether he could do the lad any good by asking questions or offering advice just then, and he almost decided upon leaving the matter alone for the present. Besides, he had learned enough to show Mona a reason for her brother's unhappiness, and he believed that she could give more efficient help than any one.

Taking all these points into consideration, also feeling somewhat uncertain how to proceed, Munro ate his breakfast and talked on indifferent topics, while Sholto answered moodily.

"At what hour do you go to your office?" he asked when the table was cleared, cigars were produced, and Sholto sat on, as if he had no intention of leaving his seat that day.

"I am not going down to Leith to-day."

"What! have you thrown up your situation?"

"No, but I stay away when I please. I am not a slave to be bound to that hateful office every day of my life."

"Then you are not becoming reconciled to your work?" Munro knew very well that he was far from liking it, yet fancied, from Sholto's uneasy and hesitating manner, that he wished to discuss the subject but was held back by some feeling of shame, which would probably be got over if his friend could lead up to a confession. "I have been uneasy about you, Sholto, fearing that if your heart was not in your employment it would wander to less worthy objects."

"I am not sure that there are many worse objects than money-grubbing in a Leith shop," the lad answered, with a snort.

"Can I suggest any plan that would be of use to you, my dear fellow?"

With an effort, such as it had cost him to put the extinguisher on Captain Brown, Sholto gathered himself together and spoke with some firmness. "I do need your advice, Dan, and I believe it can be of great service to me just at present. I had made up my mind to run down to Prestonpans to speak to you this very day."

"It almost makes one believe in mesmeric influence to hear you say that, for I came here last night, notwithstanding some pressing engagements;" and the doctor laughed.

"It makes me willing to believe in a spiritual Power which my parents say is omnipotent," replied Sholto, gravely, "and if that Power steps in to aid me I will give myself unreservedly to its guidance. Perhaps if I had never let myself doubt that Power I would never have gone away from its protection—oh, Dan!" And Sholto broke down.

With the kindly instinct of a generous disposition, Danford went behind Sholto's chair, so that he might not be looking on his face when the confession came. Taught by the experience of his profession, he was now convinced that Sholto had committed some very serious fault, and the time to tell it had come. Leaning so that his hands rested on the lad's shoulders in brotherly fashion, he said, quietly. "Tell me all about it, laddie. If it is very bad do not be afraid to speak out. We have been close friends these five years, friends and brothers (for I have neither besides you, and you have neither besides me), and it will be queer if I can't find an excuse for you, or a way of helping you."

"Thank you, Dan," and Sholto's face drooped upon his hands.

"You may have done wrong, Sholto," his friend went on, "but it is never too late to mend. Remember that you are young, and you have been what old Betty Gray calls a 'gude bairn.' I would not deal too hardly with myself if I were you, Sholto."

There was no answer for some time, but the shoulders upon which Dr. Munro's hands lay shook, and he could see the mobile features working with strong emotion.

"A gude bairn!" at last he broke forth—"a gude bairn! Oh, Dan! and I have done such a low, mean thing—what no gentleman would have done! You would not believe it of me. I have sinned! I have sinned!" and Sholto burst into convulsive sobs. "No; you would not believe that I, who have such good, pious parents, would have been so wicked. And as for Mona, poor girl! if she knew it would break her heart."

"You have got into bad company; those wild young officers. I feared no good would come of that acquaintance. And you have been plunged into expenses you did not anticipate, and had no funds to meet; and you have met them in a way. Poor laddie!"

Sholto turned round in his chair and stared wildly at his friend. "Who told you?" he gasped. "Have the Thorntons suspected any one? do my parents know? is it all out?"

"Not so fast, man; not so fast. You are on



a wrong track altogether; I have merely guessed a part of the truth through knowing how such matters go on with chaps like you, and I was helping you out with it, but it seems I have merely frightened you."

But he had not been wrong; his guess had helped Sholto over one difficulty, and the rest of what he meant to tell was told more easily after what the doctor had said.

It was the old story. Jack Thornton was an idle young man, fond of frolic, and willing to take his father's clerk by the hand and initiate him in the varied pleasures of Edinburgh society. Jack was very much in a larger sphere what Sholto was in a smaller, only he had not Sholto's personal attractions, and had imbibed a good deal of vulgarity from his surroundings. No doubt he would be highly indignant if he knew that any one had ever presumed to place the son of a retail shopkeeper on a level with the heir of a large wholesale merchant, but it suited Jack's purposes to make a companion of his father's clerk, and he was much more to blame for the wrong that Sholto did than Sholto himself. Young Thornton introduced the inexperienced lad to the mess-room, and Captain Brown, discovering what Sholto was, took advantage of him so far as to borrow a portion of the small allowance granted by Mr. Winton to supplement Sholto's salary. As a reward for this accommodation Brown introduced Sholto to the colonel—in command at the Castle—whose pretty niece was the admiration of all the officers, and poor Sholto was soon yoked to Miss Mowbray's triumphal car.

Before giving you the *finale* of his confession in his own words, I must tell you that the foolish lad had not let his fine new friends know anything of his antecedents. He took his cue from Jack Thornton, who hinted that "one keeps the shop out of sight when in aristocratic company." And thus Sholto learned to be not only ashamed of his honest father's position, but ashamed of his home and all that he had most loved heretofore.

The consequence of such a false sentiment was a constant desire to conceal from his grand acquaintances what his true status in life was. He bragged a little of his Highland blood, which a handsome, gentlemanly bearing vouched for, and he rather led them to believe that his connection with any place but Perthshire was of the slightest. Thus it was thought among the set that he was in the office merely for the sake of getting an insight into business, so that he might be more capable of managing his hereditary acres by-and-by!

"Oh, the lies I have allowed to go uncontradicted because I was too weak to tell the truth!" Sholto cried. "Oh, the shifts I have been put to to turn questioning aside! And yet I have suffered such agonies of shame and remorse. I think if it had not been for losing all chance with Kate Mowbray I would have faced every disgrace and spoken out. But I could not give her up."

"Why should you lose her through telling honestly that your father is in trade? If she cares for you, and is a good girl, that will not make any difference—on the contrary, she will respect you the more."

"Yes, she cares for me," and for the first time that morning a glad light flashed from Sholto's eyes. "I will tell you about her afterwards, but I must first let you know the shameful wickedness of which I have been guilty. Brown got money from me and he had not paid it back, and I could not very well press him for it, the fellows would have thought me mean. They spend a heap of money, and I had to do the same to remain in their set. Jack was in need of money too, and had his father's leave to take the firm's cash to a certain amount. But then Mr. Thorntoft always expected Jack to tell him *how* such sums were spent, and that was a thing Jack did not like to do, knowing very well that his governor would be exceedingly angry if told the truth. Money we had none of our own. Money we could not do without. Can you guess any part of what came next? Take your honest hands off me, Dan. Never call me friend or brother again. I can't lull my conscience now with the sophistry that to help Jack in concealing the amount which he took until he could replace it was not dishonourable. That won't do. I was the trusted clerk, knew how much he took; and I also knew that he had no intention of telling his father how it was spent, which was the distinct agreement between the father and son. I helped to spend it. I was responsible as much as Jack. Some day I may be asked where the money has gone, and I, not Jack, shall be blamed by Mr. Thornton. But if it should never be known, if we could replace it tomorrow, I should still feel that I had not been true to the trust reposed in me."

"Are you not dealing too hardly with yourself," said Munro, "for your share in this folly?"

"No! no! For, don't you see, I might be arrested for this money, and what proof have I that Jack asked me to bring it to him? If he chose to deny it, there is only my word of honour against his, and he could turn about and ask why should he conceal having taken what he was permitted to take? Then I have used the money as well as Jack, so I am guilty too. Don't touch me, Danford! Go away; I am no fit companion for you."

Dr. Munro did not stir a finger, and all he said was "My poor brother!"

"Ah! there's the worst of it. Brother! Think, Dan, of her who calls me by that name" (as if Danford were not thinking of her)—"think of what Mona would feel like if she knew what you know. It is *her* sorrow I have thought most about."

Munro merely asked, "How much money is needed to refund what was used by you—mind, not what young Thornton used, only your share?"

"One hundred pounds! Think of that. If I add what Jack had it comes to more than three hundred; but he means to pay his back in a few days, when he will receive a legacy which an old aunt has left. And to be sure Brown owes me nearly half of that hundred, which has sunk me to—yes, I think, to perdition. But the amount is nothing, Dan—nothing. It is the low, mean wickedness itself that I agonise over, that I would give my life to undo."

"It cannot be undone, Sholto, but it can be mended, and it can be a warning to you hereafter. You have not committed any actual breach of the law, and though I deplore the weakness which permitted you to be led into such a position, I think we can smooth your difficulties."

"Can you? Oh, Dan! can you save me? Can you save me from the world's scorn, at least, if not from my own self-reproach?"

"I will give you the money, and I wish I could give you with it the unsullied boy's heart that you carried away with you nine months ago. Now listen to what I have to say before we proceed further. You have respected and loved me, Sholto. You have, I know very well, even admired me, and tried to imitate me in some things, just as all lads do when they take a fancy to some one older than themselves, and more versed in the ways of the world. You have believed in me. Is not that all true?"

"Yes," Sholto murmured, wonderingly.

"Well—" Munro paused, and his hearer little knew what a struggle was going on beneath the calm exterior. The hands on Sholto's shoulder never trembled, and only a shade of pallor came over the doctor's bronzed features as he hesitated. Never could Sholto know what it cost that proud, reserved man to humble himself before the lad who had looked up to him as a model of perfection.

"Well, Sholto, a time was when I was nearer perdition than you are. Don't interrupt me" (for Sholto had turned round in amazement, and was about to speak); "I wish you to know all this because it may not only warn you against yielding to temptation, but it may help you to hope that it is possible—quite possible—for a man to retrieve even a lost character."

"You have said enough, dear Danford, don't tell me more; I can guess, and—"

"No half-and-half confessions for me!" the doctor said, sternly; "I mean you, and those you love best, to know what I have been, as well as what I am. Perhaps if I had borrowed a bit of your impulsive frankness, and told the truth sooner, my path would be easier to-day. However, hear me out, Sholto. When I went to college I got among a fast set of young men, and I yielded to the temptations of the hour. I took to drink first because it seemed manly to be able to toss off glass after glass like the older and more hardened men about me; I had not the moral courage then to say no. Secondly, I drank to drown thought. After every fall I felt more and more degraded; I hated myself, and strove to forget myself, but the accursed vice, which at the beginning had seemed a trifling lapse, to be laid aside when I chose, fastened its talons in my life-blood, and is even now—will ever be—an enemy within myself, against which I must wear defensive armour all my life long. This sin, if it did not lead me to do exactly what you have done, led me to commit even greater errors. It taught me to deceive—to resort to all sorts of low dodges to conceal its presence. It blunted my moral sense upon every side, and if I had not been naturally endowed with a very strong constitution and a powerful will, I would soon

have fallen beyond all hope of rising. My intellectual aspirations came to my assistance, and by a determined effort I rid myself of the vice in so far that it could not become a habit. It has not for many years had further power over me than the perpetual craving which warns me to be always on my guard. I have yielded more than once since I came to the resolution to abstain from it. Under sore temptation I have yielded—for—a—short—time—for—a—few hours. But the depths of self-abasement into which I have been plunged after waking from those brief dreams of madness have been like the foretaste of hell. Now, Sholto, you know what I have gone through, and what I would never have told you if it had not been for your good."

"How noble of you, Dan. But then you could pull up as I never could, for I have not your determination. I should not be able to set myself right, as you have done; I am afraid I should always require to have some one to guide me."

"That brings us back to the point from which we started when I began my long speech. I am going to ask a favour of you. But first, what do you propose doing after this money difficulty is got over?"

"I will try and stay out my year at Thorntons'; there are only three months remaining. I don't want to go away from here just now."

"I understand. You don't want to go far from your lady-love."

"I suppose that is it, for I do hate the office as much as ever. But if the year were done I would appeal to my father, and Mona would back me up, and I think he would yield, and either send me to college or let me choose a more gentlemanly occupation."

"You are all wrong on that subject; no honourable occupation is ungentlemanly, but some men are fitted for one profession and some for another, and that is the light in which you ought to have set the matter before Mr. Winton. He has plenty of good sense, and I can see now why he so determinedly insisted upon your following this particular vocation. If you had dwelt less upon the vulgarity, as you term it, of trade, and more upon the natural bent of your mind, you would have found him more reasonable. However, we cannot undo what is past. Now will you take my advice, Sholto—will you go straight to your father and tell him *all*?"

"No, no! ten thousand times no. He would turn me from his door for ever. He, the honest, temperate, religious man, who never owed a sixpence in the world, who never spent a penny his own hand had not earned, who never felt what it is to be tempted as I am tempted. No, Dan, I would rather go to gaol straight off than face my father with the tale I have told you."

"That is selfish of you. Do you suppose Mr. Winton would rather see you in Calton Gaol than at his feet a suppliant for forgiveness?"

That was a way of setting the difficulty before Sholto which he had not considered, and, to do the unhappy lad justice, he would rather suffer himself than bring added pain to those he loved. Dr. Munro followed up the advantage his last

words had gained for him by saying, "You judge your father wrongly. He is stern and rigidly upright, as you know, and is perhaps too unbending on ordinary occasions. You and I have often felt that he was too hard upon young folk, and that his religion was somewhat too Pharisaic, but these are merely excrescences on his character. He has a true warm heart below, and in a matter like this of yours you would find him not only open to reason, but ready to pardon and assist."

"I wish I believed you, Dan, but whenever I contemplate letting father know, I seem to hear him hurling Bible anathemas at me."

"Nonsense, laddie, he reserves that kind of powder and shot for breaches of the Jewish code, which it was meant to revenge. Believe me, your father loves his son too well to deal so hardly by him."

"What do you advise, then? I can't tell him myself, but—"

"I cannot offer to negotiate between you, because he is prejudiced against me, and with reason; so don't think that I am calling him just on the one hand while knowing him to be unjust on the other. However, as you seem quite resolved not to tell him yourself, suppose we take Miss Winton into our confidence, and let her use the influence she has with Mr. Winton on your behalf?"

Although Sholto had only a moment before declared he would rather go to gaol than confess to his father, as soon as it was suggested that he might do so through another, he adopted the idea at once. It was, therefore, agreed between the friends that as soon as Sholto had replaced the money he had abstracted he should go home and confide in Mona, who they believed could smooth all difficulties. In the meantime he promised his friend that he would see as little as possible of the wild set with whom he had been associating so much of late.

"You won't put it off now, will you, Sholto?" the doctor asked, apprehending some such line of conduct on the other's part. "You will come down on Saturday? I can easily give Miss Winton a hint what to expect, and you will have it all out. No good can come of such concealments, and it is better to confess a fault than go on in a wrong course."

"I can't do it this week, because Jack won't have his money ready by Saturday first; but next week I certainly will."

"I wish I could advance you that also; but even if I had it handy I don't think I ought. It was Mr. Thornton's son who first suggested this folly to you, and I don't think he ought to be helped out of the difficulty. Have you any acknowledgment from the scamps that they owe you money?"

"Brown gave his I O U, but Jack and I have nothing but a mutual understanding, unless indeed a note which he wrote is any use."

"Let me see it."

Sholto went to the mantelpiece and commenced to hunt among scraps of paper, ends of cigars, and match-boxes for the letter.

"Here is Jack's note," he said, "I don't know if it is of any use."

Dr. Munro glanced over the page, which ran thus:—

"Dear Winton,—I know for certain that the big sum I told you about is to be paid in to-morrow, and will not be required until long after we have replaced the trifle of it which we need. Do not delay, for some of my bills are even more pressing than yours. I will be at your rooms in the evening, when I expect to find all settled and snug. Yours, Jack Thornton."

"This will do very well. Now give me the captain's I O U, and then I think I shall be able to cope with those fellows on your account, Sholto. I am sure we can also make things right at home and at the office, and then you shall start fair once more."

"If I could do that I might come forward openly as Kate's suitor, and that too would be squared—but perhaps my father will insist on my leaving Edinburgh altogether," he said, suddenly.

"That is very possible. He may dread the power of your present associates."

"Then I can't follow your advice. What! go away and leave Brown—the scamp—to carry off Kate!"

"You must be on very intimate terms with the young lady that you venture to talk to me of her as 'Kate.'"

"We are engaged, Dan. There now, you know all my secrets. The colonel is a very proud man, and he is exceedingly strict and hard with his niece. She is an orphan, and was brought up by him, and sometimes I fear she has got some of his nature, for she can be proud and hard too when she pleases. I am sure if she knew that I am the son of a village tradesman she would turn me off at once. If I had gone openly to the colonel he would have asked me about my people and all that. So we agreed to keep the engagement secret, and I told her it was merely because I was not my own master yet, and had no means of my own upon which to marry."

"Then she is not a mercenary young lady, and that is something in her favour."

"She likes money, though. She will have the colonel's fortune, I suppose; and she thinks I am heir to some Highland chief. What a fool I must seem to you, Dan. But, indeed, Kate is very charming. I wish you could see her."

"And you believe that if she knew your antecedents, Miss Mowbray would turn from you, would throw you overboard?" Sholto nodded.

"Then let me tell you, laddie, that she is not the woman you need break your heart about. Ask yourself, Sholto, if the best girl you know in this bad world would do that?"

"Mona would not, I know, and she is the girl you mean; but then Mona is so different from Kate in every way. You must remember how they have been brought up."

"Oh, bother *up-bringing*! A woman's heart is not guided by her education, but by her religion; and we may scoff as we please at piety, but the worst man amongst us admits that women would be worse than we are, if it were not for the religious instinct which springs up in their hearts,

and blossoms for the good of mankind. I do say that the woman who lacks a religion is no woman to trust one's happiness to. Let us stick to common sense. Miss Mowbray must know some day all about your family and worldly prospects, if she remains faithful to her engagement, and the longer you delay telling her the worse it will be."

"But I tell you she will have nothing more to say to me if she knows."

"It is hopeless reasoning with a fellow in love," laughed Munro; "but come, now, promise me you will not join any of those nonsensical drinking parties again, and promise me you will come down to Prestonpans next week for the purpose we have agreed upon. Also promise me you will bind your sister's name like an amulet about your heart. The money you want shall be in your hands this evening, then you have a whole week in which to set that matter straight. If by that time your friend Jack has not kept his part of the bargain I shall have a word to say to him. Now, Sholto, I know I

can depend upon your word of honour. Give me your promise for your sister's sake."

"I promise I—" Before Sholto could say more the door opened, and, to the surprise of the couple, in walked Captain Brown and Jack Thornton.

They had gone away the night before swearing at Sholto and vowing revenge, but sleep and daylight had cooled their wrath. The gallant soldier remembered in the morning that he owed his uncivil host a good large sum of money which he was not in a position to repay just then. Young Thornton had an uncomfortable recollection of certain transactions with Sholto in which both were equally involved. Also he was too good-natured to resent the rude speeches of a half-tipsy youth, therefore agreed readily enough to the captain's proposal to go with him and make up the quarrel.

But two important circumstances had been left out of their calculations. They had not supposed that Sholto might be unwilling to patch up the quarrel, and they forgot that Dr. Munro would probably be present at the interview.



OVERTURES OF PEACE.



## FAITHFUL ROYAL SERVANTS.



N wandering among the marbles of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, we come upon a memorial tablet, which brings to our minds a family sorrow, suffered by one of our kings; a king who during his long reign gained the love and respect of his people by his domestic virtues. On the marble we read as follows:—

KING GEORGE III  
Caused to be interred  
Near this place the body of  
MARY GASKOIN,  
Servant to the late  
PRINCESS AMELIA,  
And this Tablet to be erected in Testimony  
Of his grateful Sense of the faithful  
Service and Attachment of an amiable  
Young Woman to his Beloved Daughter,  
Whom she survived only three months.  
She died the 19th Feb., 1811, Aged 31 years.

The Princess Amelia was the favourite daughter of George III, whose heart was well-nigh broken by the early loss of his much-beloved child. The faithful and amiable Mary was not the only Gaskoin who had dwelt with the family of George III. Very pleasant as handmaidens were the Gaskoins in the eyes of the royal sisters at Windsor, inasmuch that they were sought as treasures by the king's children. Doubtless they were a family gifted with singular sweetness of disposition and manner; they were, we may suppose, endowed with the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and they seem to have been capable of such faithful and affectionate service as rendered them invaluable.

"Are there any more of these Lincolnshire Gaskoins who can come to us?"

This was a question wont to be asked at Windsor, as we are informed on the authority of a Lincolnshire lady whose memory links us with the past, and whose family had, in common with that of George III, patronised the Gaskoins (or Gascoignes), greatly valuing their pleasant services. This lady remembers hearing of them first as having been entrusted with the solemn duty of watching over the mausoleum of the Yarborough family, which was built at Brocklesby, near Limber, Lincolnshire, by the first Lord Yarborough, for his wife, who died young. This elegant mausoleum was begun under the supervision of the architect, James Wyatt, in 1787, and com-

pleted in 1794: it stands on a commanding eminence in Brocklesby Park: it contains a chapel, and is in the form of the building of a Grecian temple, surmounted by a dome. An engraving of this beautiful edifice is given in a "History of Lincolnshire," published by John Saunderson in 1834 (vol. ii., p. 236).

"John and Jenny Gascoigne," writes our informant, "lived at Great Limber; they had the care of the mausoleum, and used to show it to visitors. . . . John and Jenny had several children, one of whom (John) went to live at 'Brocklesby' with Lord Yarborough. . . . Some gentlemen visiting Lord Yarborough took a fancy to him, and brought him to London."

John Gascoigne, who had been with Lord Yarborough in a very humble capacity, gained such favour in the eyes of his new master that he found himself eventually introduced to the notice of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, who took him into his service first in the same capacity as that he had filled at "Brocklesby," but afterwards in one of responsibility and trust.

The prince liked him so well as to speak favourably of him at the Castle, till one day Gaskoin was asked by others of the royal family whether he had a sister who would consent to come to London and go on to Windsor, to which question the youth was happily able to reply that he had a sister named Mary. Now the Princess Amelia was in search of what was then termed "a dresser"—that is to say, she wanted a maid of her own who should personally attend upon her. So she engaged the gentle Mary, who, leaving her quiet little home village, near "Brocklesby," travelled southwards, and arriving at Windsor, took up her abode at the royal Castle, where, as we have seen, she became the loving and devoted attendant of the Princess Amelia, staying by her till her own strength gave way, and not tarrying long after her in this world.

Later on, another Gaskoin sister was in request, and another appeared, named Elizabeth, who came to Windsor that she might attend upon the Princess Elizabeth, with whom she remained until her princely mistress married, when the Lincolnshire maiden was handed over to the Princess Augusta, who kept her as long as she could—that is, until the girl Elizabeth was married herself to a Mr. Venables, and was to go far away, when again the question was asked, "Is there still another Gaskoin ready to come to Windsor?"

The princess was in danger of being disappointed of her wish. "But," writes our authority,

"although there was not a sister, there was a sister's child, whose name was Bessie Wright. And Bessie went to Windsor to take her aunt's place, her aunt remaining awhile to instruct her in her duties. I remember," adds our informant, "Bessie's coming home, and her delight at seeing Limber again. Bessie had a little brother named Joseph, and the Princess Augusta, hearing of this child, sent for him that she might have him educated, and it is thought that he entered the medical profession. I once had a book," writes the lady, "of which this Joseph Wright was the author, and the title of which was 'The Ten Lost Tribes.' He thought they were to be found in China; I fancy he would not think so now."

After Bessie Wright had been some years with the Princess Augusta, she, Bessie Wright, married and went to Ireland. And now the princess, still clinging to the one family, sent for an elder sister of Bessie's, named Jane, who remained in her service until her princely mistress died, and the faithful maid followed her as a mourner, "in one of the mourning coaches." We hear that Jane Wright eventually married "one of the royal household."

During Mrs. Gascoigne's lifetime a brown loaf was sent from Limber once a year, perhaps oftener, to her daughters for the princesses. It was said in the village that it was for the king and queen; at any rate it was for royalty, and it is very probable that the king and queen did occasionally taste the good brown bread from Lincolnshire. Many a little gift was sent from the royal Castle for the aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne, among which we have especial notice of a toasting-fork from the Princess Augusta, sent "for the old man to toast his cheese with," as the royal donor expressed it. "The Princess Augusta," we read in our Gascoigne notes, "was acquainted with all the oddities in Limber, through the boy Joseph Wright, who had no fear of her Royal Highness, being encouraged as he was by his kind patroness to talk for her amusement."

While the sisters Mary and Elizabeth were in service at Windsor the aged Mrs. Gaskoin went to visit her daughters at the Castle, and was introduced to Queen Charlotte, who was so pleased with the old woman *and her cap*, that when she was retiring the queen desired her to remain until she fetched the king. The poor old woman was so overcome with this honour, that when the king appeared she dropped on her knee. The king spoke kindly to her, asking after her rheumatism, and inquiring whether she knew a remedy, to which question she replied, "May it please your Majesty, I know of nothing better than patience and flannel."

Her two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, stood by, in tears, quite overcome at seeing such honour conferred upon their mother. "I remember," adds our informant, "as a child, hearing Mrs. Gascoigne relate this circumstance to my mother at Limber after her return from Windsor."

It may interest our lady readers to learn that

from the date of this interview a new mob-cap came into fashion; for the queen had greatly admired the quaint cap of her lowly visitor, and had indeed, in the first instance, made this the reason for calling the king that he might see the cap worn by the humble traveller from Lincolnshire. "And the king admired it very much."

"The 'Gaskoin Mob,'" writes our authority, "became fashionable; the queen had one made like it in shape, and I remember one of Mrs. Gaskoin's daughters sending my mother one made of lace."

We find the following mention of Mary Gaskoin, or Gascoigne, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lxxxi., part 1, p. 294, from the obituary of February, 1811:—

"Feb. 18, at the Lower Lodge, Windsor, Miss Gascoyne, the favourite attendant of her late Royal Highness the Princess Amelia. Her remains were interred Feb. 25, as near as possible to the vault of her late royal mistress." Additions and corrections, May, 1811, p. 294.—"The attention of the late Miss Gaskoin to the departed Princess Amelia, during her long illness, was marked with the most affectionate solicitude. His Majesty, sensible of the faithful services of this young lady, has ordered a very neat tablet to her memory to be placed on the right hand aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which bears the following inscription." [Then follows the inscription already given.]

In vol. lix., p. 318, of the "European Magazine," under the date April 24, 1811, we read as follows:—

"THE LATE MISS GASKOIN.—The attention of this young lady to the departed Princess Amelia, during her long, severe, and confined illness, was marked with the most affectionate attention and solicitude. In the month of November, 1809, when the Princess Amelia returned from Weymouth to Windsor, with little hopes of recovery, such was the powerful influence of Miss Gaskoin's affection that she resolved never to quit her presence. She tenderly watched her royal mistress till anxiety of mind threw herself into a decline. Even then her feelings were so agitated by the hope of the Princess Amelia's recovery that she continued unceasing in her inquiries. The royal family perceived the bond of love existing between them, and the princesses performed the painful task of visiting Miss Gaskoin, when laid on a sick bed, with the assurance of their royal sister's attachment and respect.

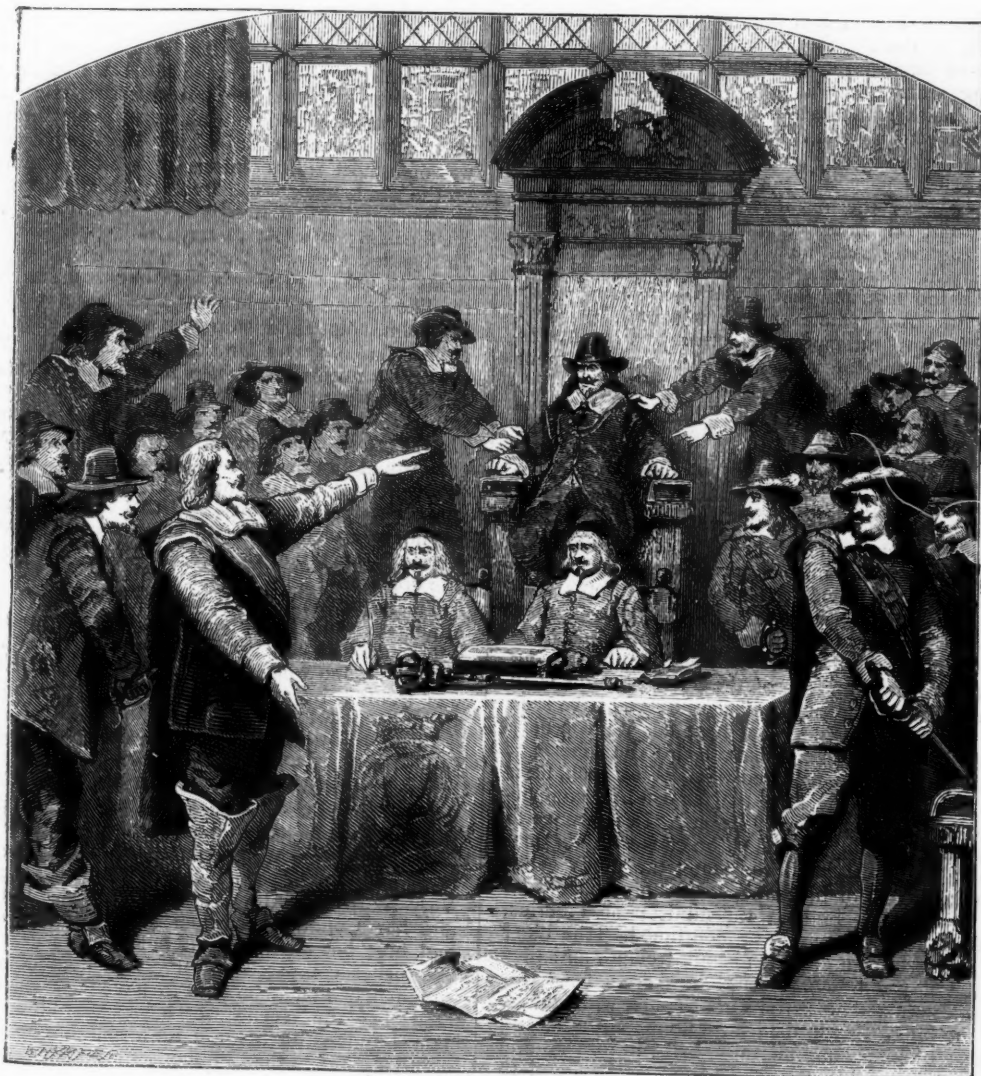
"We cannot conclude our observations without referring our readers to the honorary testimonial which his Majesty particularly wished to be paid to her memory. It is inscribed on a marble tablet, is extremely neat, and is to be erected on the right hand entrance into St. George's Chapel, Windsor."

Then follows the inscription, which does honour to the mourning father as well as to the faithful and loving attendant to whom the tribute is offered.

M. G. M.

## MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### II.—SCENES IN THE HISTORY OF FREE SPEECH.



SIR JOHN ELIOTT'S REMONSTRANCE.

**T**HE 6th of February, 1626, seems to us a remarkable day in the history of the House of Commons, and in the history of English freedom; this was the occasion on which the

foremost speaker of the mind of England came into keen collision with the sovereign respecting freedom of speech; the speaker was Sir John Eliott. Free speech, which had often in previous years

attempted to fly, on this occasion boldly rose aloft, apparently unheeding all consequences; the occasion was the impeachment of Buckingham. The king had said: "Remember that Parliaments are altogether in my power for their calling, sitting, and dissolution; therefore, as I find the fruits of them good or evil, they are to continue, or not to be." This was even a dreadfully ill-advised speech, and its consequences frightened the king himself far more than the Commons, for, upon hearing it, the Commons sat with closed doors, and what was said in that meeting has never transpired, for the doors were locked, and the key was given into the hands of the Speaker, only that a letter of the time—a manuscript letter quoted by John Forster—represents Elliott as saying "That they came there neither to do what the king commanded them nor to abstain from what he forbade them, and that they should be constant to maintain their own privileges."

It was as the result of these words of the king, and this meeting, that it was resolved that Buckingham should be impeached; as to the right of impeachment, the Commons determined that it was too late, and that it was idle work to question it. And whatever else was said by more courtly lips attempting to break and blunt the vehemence of the action, the real impeachment was in the words of Elliott.

Not less gorgeous than nervous was the magnificent peroration in which he denounced the miserable myrmidon and minister whom he believed to be the evil spirit hurrying on the king and the country to ruin. Never, we suppose, had a king been addressed in this style before; and we know that when the king heard of the words of Elliott, he started into an act of the most frantic, impotent, and ill-advised revenge. Elliott's sublime audacity must have electrified the House. After a summary of Buckingham's acts of extravagance and ambition, the speaker closed: "Your lordships have an idea of the man, what he is in himself, and what in his affections; you have seen his power, and some I fear have felt it; you have known his practice and have heard the effects; it rests then to be considered what, being such, he is in reference to the king and state—how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the king, he must be styled the canker in his treasure; in reference to the state, the moth of all goodness." For his pride and flattery he went on to liken him to Sejanus, the minister of Tiberius. "Doth not this man," he continued, "the like? Ask England and Scotland and Ireland, and they will tell you how lately and how often hath this man commixed his actions in discourse with actions of the king. My lords, I have done; YOU SEE THE MAN; by him came all these evils, in him we find the cause, on him we expect the remedies, and to this we met your lordships in conference."

The rage of the king was unbounded. "Implicitly he means me for Tiberius!" he exclaimed. He hurried down to the House of Lords to complain of the speech; and on that day the illustrious Elliott was committed close prisoner to the Tower. But the unfortunate Charles did not know the texture of the men with whom he had to do; so soon

as they heard of the committal of their great leader they broke up their sitting, but the more active members continued pacing to and fro in Westminster Hall.

When the House assembled the next morning, and the Speaker was proceeding to the business of the House, he was interrupted by the cries, "Sit down! sit down! no business till we are righted in our liberties." It was a tremendously tumultuous scene; some members who were tempted to adopt a mild and remonstrative tone escaped the order to apologise upon their knees. After eight days the king was advised to sign with his own hand the warrant for the release of Sir John from the Tower. We may, perhaps, fancy something of the enthusiasm with which he was received as he made his appearance. But efforts were still made by the king, apparently to obtain an apology or retraction. One of the charges preferred by the king was of a most ridiculous nature, that, in summing up the whole against the Duke of Buckingham, he had insolently called him "the man," saying, "You see the man;" which that grave but supple courtier, Sir Dudley Carleton, said, "were extraordinary terms to use of so high a personage, and such as the like he had never heard in Parliament before." Sir John, coldly and sternly, refused to give way by a syllable. "As for the man," he said, "he thought it not fit at all times to reiterate his titles, but he did not think him to be a god." This did not certainly qualify the language: the House caught the spirit of the patriot; contrary to usage, they would not even order him to withdraw while they voted on his conduct, and without one dissenting voice they "resolved that Sir John Elliott has not exceeded the commission given him by the House in anything which passed from him in the late conference with the Lords."

This great instance seems to us worthy of prominence, as the first when the Commons and the king came into contact on the question of freedom of debate, and when the sovereign found that he was fronted by antagonists as strong, and even stronger, than himself.

In the history of that old chapel of St. Stephen's, surely this forms—shall we not say?—even the most interesting and important chapter; for "freedom of debate" is, as Coke says—whatever he meant by what he said—"the quintessence of the four essences;" in plain English, it is the most essential element in the life of a nation or of a great people. Very sharp were the conflicts between Elizabeth and her Commons, sharper still between James and his; but all that went before were as slight skirmishes compared with the vehement conflicts which may almost be said to have been inaugurated by the scene we have just described. James, indeed, in his zeal for absolute monarchy, wrote a letter to the Commons, in which, speaking of their privileges, and especially their claim to freedom of debate, he says, "We could not allow of the style, calling it their ancient and undoubted right and inheritance, we cannot with patience endure our subjects to use such antimonarchical words." The Commons, however, drew up a remonstrance, in which they affirmed "that every member hath freedom from all impeachment, imprisonment,



and molestation other than by the censure of the House itself, for or concerning any bill, speaking, reasoning, or declaring of any matter, or matters, touching the Parliament or Parliament business." Do our readers know what this angry royal sage did in his sagacity upon hearing of this resolution? He sent for the journal book of the House, and in the Council, with his own hand, tore out the protest. It was all in vain; the Commons soon replaced the rent leaf, and, says Townsend, "this will ever form the first page in parliamentary privileges." He means by that, the first page when there rose rustling and bustling behind the protests of members and the leaves of journals the sound as of the tramp, and a vision as of the gathering, of men who were prepared to enforce what their will had determined and their speech had declared.

So, then, we see how Parliamentary eloquence arose; it can really scarcely be said to have had an existence before the day of Sir John Eliott; perhaps the time came when it might almost be said, as in the pungent paradox of Soame Jenyns, "We have too much liberty—too much oratory—too many laws—and too many taxes." James passed away, and he left his son as his legacy a strong sense of the divine right of kings, and a band of men who were determined to resist the idea to the utmost, though not at once. It needed a great deal of ill counsel also, and a large amount of un wisdom in the king, to bring up the House to strong measures of resistance. At first the House was very pliant to the sovereign's jealous mistrust of Parliamentary eloquence; Mr. More, a member, having said "that we were born free, and must continue free if the king would keep his kingdom," adding, "as, thanks be to God, we have no occasion to fear, having a just and pious king." But the king thought these very bad words; a committee was appointed to examine into the matter, and Mr. More got himself lodged in the Tower for four days, when he was enlarged by a message from the king.

The conflict soon came; Parliaments were dissolved, but Parliaments had to be called, and Eliott was always at his post, and again, and yet again, imprisoned. It was on the 2nd of March, 1629, that he spoke for the last time in the House, and that was in a tempestuous scene. It was the occasion of his remonstrance against the Lord Treasurer Weston; "Buckingham is dead," he exclaimed, "but he lives in the Lord Treasurer Weston." Then commenced a wild and agitated scene, some members interrupted the orator in fear, enthusiastic cheers rose round. "There are men," he exclaimed, "who go about to break Parliaments for fear Parliaments should break them." With a prophetic instinct that he had advanced to a fatal step, he said, "I protest, as I am a gentleman, if my fortune be ever again to meet in this honourable assembly, where I now leave I will begin again." He advanced to the Speaker, his remonstrance in his hand, desiring the Speaker to read it; the Speaker refused; Eliott presented it to the clerk at the table; the clerk also refused to read it. With dauntless determination Eliott read it himself, and demanded of the Speaker that it should be put to the vote.

Again the Speaker refused, saying he had been commanded otherwise by the king. The calm and judicious John Selden reprimanded him. The Speaker rose to quit the chair; Denzil Hollis and Valentine dragged him back. Efforts were made to rescue him; Hollis and the others declared that there he should sit till it pleased them that he should rise. It was a scene of wild and violent disorder. Sir Peter Haymen, when with tears in his eyes the Speaker implored the House to let him go, rose and renounced him as a kinsman, as a disgrace to the country, as a blot upon a noble family, as a man whom posterity would remember with scorn and disdain.

Seldom, we suppose, has the House been in such an uproar; some members placed their hands upon their swords, and it says much for the gravity which ruled the determination of the House that it degenerated into no personal quarrelling, their swords were undrawn. Over the storm rose the clear and steady voice of Eliott: "I shall then express by my tongue," he said, "what that paper should have done," and he flung it down upon the floor; Hollis picked it up. "It shall then be declared by us," said Eliott, "that all that we suffer is the effect of new counsels to the ruin of the Government and the State; we declare these men capital enemies to the king and the kingdom; if any merchants shall willingly pay these duties of tonnage and poundage without consent of Parliament they are accessories to the rest." Then Hollis read Eliott's paper and put it to the House in the character of Speaker, and it was carried with loud and overwhelming acclamations.

Meantime the king had heard somehow of what was going on, and he sent down the Serjeant to bring away the mace, but there was no possibility of obtaining admission; then, with like unsuccess, followed the Usher of the Black Rod. In the extremity of his anger Charles was so forgetful of all that was due to himself and to the House, as to send for the captain of his guard to force an entrance. But before this could be attempted the resolution was passed, the doors were thrown open, the members all rushed out in a body, carrying away with them in the crowd the king's officer, who was standing at the door. Such was the scene presented on the 2nd of March, 1629. "The most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England," says Sir Simon D'Ewes, "that had happened for five hundred years."

This was Eliott's last achievement in the Commons; he was speedily in the Tower, and the king took care that he should never leave it again. There he solaced himself by writing that magnificent piece "The Monarchy of Man," for an abstract of which we are indebted to John Forster, and which that competent critic thinks "might give an added lustre to such lofty writers of English prose as Hooker and Milton." He died of consumption; the king refused to add anything to the alleviation of his discomforts in prison; he said Sir John was not humble enough. After his death his son petitioned for his father's body, that it might be carried down to Cornwall and buried among the old family graves; the king replied, "Let Sir John Eliott's body be buried in the church of that

parish where he died." "So," his biographer says, "what remained of the great statesman was thrust into some obscure corner of the Tower Church, and the Court rejoiced that its great enemy was gone." So passed away one of the earliest apostles of English liberty, who with regal eloquence had vindicated for the people the right of free debate in the Commons.

We are not without the means of instituting a comparison between the speech permitted in the House of Commons during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the freedom to which it attained in the scene we have just described. During the reign of the redoubtable queen words had to be very cautiously employed; men spoke axiomatically and briefly; vehemence and invective were of course quite out of place. "A man of fashion," says Lord Chesterfield, "never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms." It is quite certain that many far greater men than Lord Chesterfield have not been ashamed of employing pithy maxims for the purpose of driving home their meanings; and probably in the days of Queen Bess, when men were not much guided or influenced by books, they had their memories stored with these ancient pieces of wisdom; they were wont to have them stamped upon the blades of their knives and on their pewter plates, they were woven in their tapestry and engraven in their rings. Many of the speeches of this reign have quite a proverbial character, but we have one speech quite worthy of the Governor of Barataria; it was in a debate on a bill to regulate the double payment of book debts. One of the members began to speak, and for very fear shook and was silent; he was followed by one who delivered himself in these words: "It is now my chance to speak, and that without humming or hawing. I think this law is a good law, even reckoning makes long friends; as far goes the penny as the penny's master; laws are for the good of the wakeful and not of the sleeping; pay the reckoning over night and you shall not be troubled in the morning; if ready money be the public measure let every one cut his coat according to his cloth; when his old suit is on the wane let him stay till that his money bring him a new suit to his increase," and so on; and this seems to have been very much the style of the speech of those times. But, however wise and full of common sense such words are, yet these are not the tones in which great passions and great principles express themselves.

There were two great speakers in the House in 1575—Peter and Paul Wentworth—both of this proverbial order, but they both began to express themselves in terms very disagreeable to the queen. "Two things," said Peter Wentworth—"two things, Mr. Speaker, do great hurt to this place of which I mean to speak; the one is a rumour which runneth about the House, and this it is: Take heed what you do, the queen's majesty liketh not such a matter, whosoever prefereth it one will be offended with him; on the contrary, her majesty liketh of such a matter, whosoever speaketh against it she will be much offended with him; the other is, that sometimes a message is brought into the House either of commanding or in-

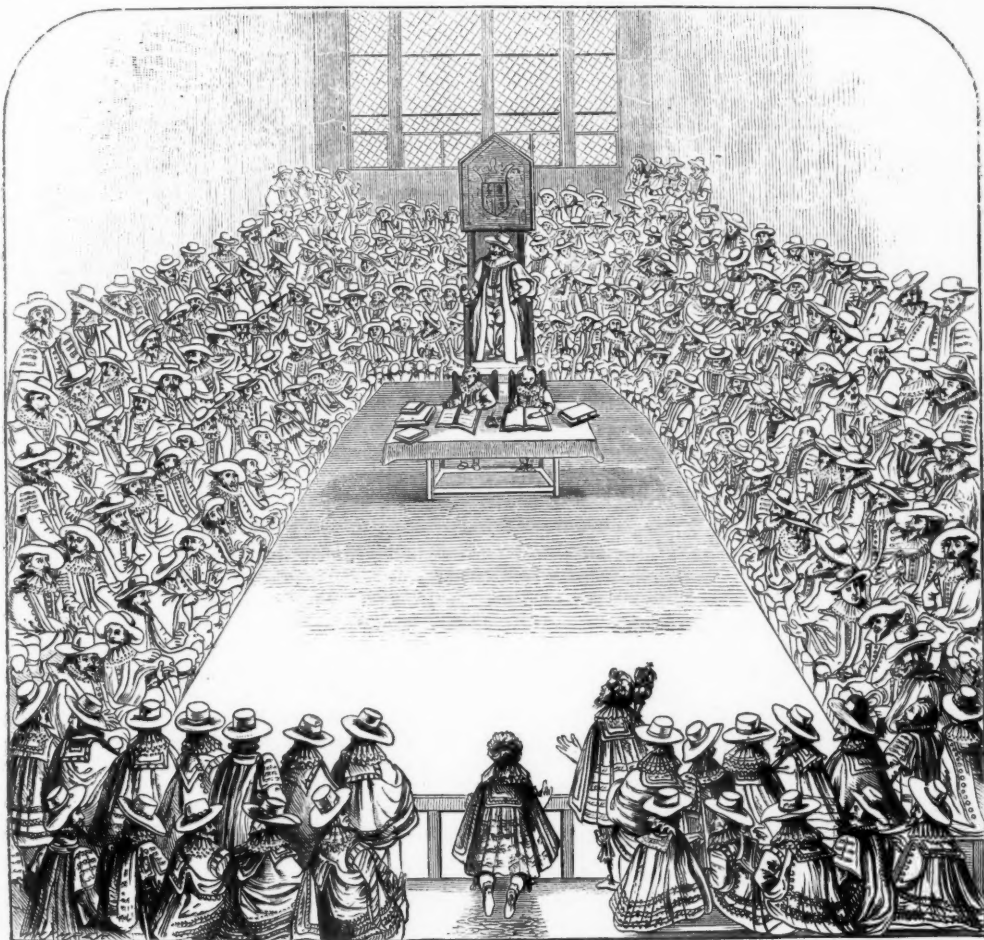
hibiting very injurious to free speech and consultation. I would to God, Mr. Speaker, that these two were buried, I mean rumours and messages. I will show you a reason to prove it perilous always to follow the prince's mind. Many times it falleth out that a prince may favour a cause perilous to himself and the whole State. What are we then if we follow the prince's mind? Are we not unfaithful unto God, our Prince, and State? Yes, truly, for we are chosen of the whole realm of a special trust and confidence by them reposed in us. Sir, I will discharge my conscience and duties to God, my prince, and country. Certain it is, Mr. Speaker, that none is without fault, no, not even our noble queen, sith her majesty hath committed great fault, yea, dangerous faults to herself. No estate can stand where the prince will not be governed by advice." Thinking of the sovereign who ruled the country then, these were brave words; the speaker for uttering them was summoned the next day before the Council and thrown into the Tower. The House in a month obtained his release, but they were the first mutterings of that thunder which at last rolled forth in the tempest we have just described, and which shortly shook the whole nation to its centre.

The Long Parliament is beyond question, in the earlier sessions of its history, illustrious even beyond all precedent, as illustrious in its earlier as contemptible in its later sittings. We shall present some leaves from its history in future papers; here we are to remark that its actions tended rather to stifle debate and to interfere with liberty of speech. But after the Restoration a number of the incidents and anecdotes in connection with this attempt to assert the right of free discussion are even sufficiently amusing. When King Charles the Second's extravagance and licentiousness led to the discussion upon the question of supply, and an attempt was made to impose a tax upon attendance at the theatres, the courtiers urged that the players were the king's servants and a part of his pleasure; Sir John Coventry inquired in the House, in what was certainly a tolerably sharp jest, whether the king's pleasure lay among the men or the women players? The unlucky knight had to pay for this sarcasm; he was waylaid a few evenings afterwards by a company of persons armed, but headed by Sir Thomas Sandys, the commander of the Duke of Monmouth's troop, and had his nose slit open. This naturally raised a storm of discussion in the House, and the Commons reasonably expected the Lords to side with them in protecting their privileges. Sir Robert Holt said, with unquestioned truth, "This concerns the Lords as well as us, for their lordships' noses are the same as ours are, unless they be made of steel." And Mr. Hale said, "If a man must thus be assaulted by ruffianly fellows, we must go to bed by sunset like the birds." The king's extravagance and licentiousness led to a frequent utterance of such home truths as had perhaps never been expressed in the House to a sovereign before; for the remonstrances of Eliott and his brave compatriots were against the Government, and struggles against the undue assertions of prerogative, but the words now were more moral and homiletical, and perhaps the Commons

only proved themselves too "faithful." In 1675 Lord Cavendish said, when the House was asked for further aid for the king, "The people have trusted us with their money, and Magna Charta is not to be thrown with their liberties and money into a bottomless pit." While Mr. Mallett, a plain old country member, spoke with exceeding old-fashioned straightforwardness of speech: "The Parliament in Edward III's time had a great kind-

they be left God will bless his counsels." Free speech, it is manifest, had made very considerable strides when good Mr. Mallett remained quite unmolested for words incomparably more severe than those which, in the days of Queen Bess, had given Peter Wentworth four months' lodging in the Tower.

Even stronger words than these were permitted to pass during the years when the country was



HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1623.

[From a scarce Print of the period.]

ness for him, yet gave him money with extreme caution, not that they mistrusted him, but a woman called Alice Pierce, whom they mistrusted." And then this plain-spoken old burgess went on even in a yet more uncomfortable vein: "King James I," he continued, "was said to be the Solomon of his age; our king is heir to his virtues; there is something more recorded of Solomon, he fell a victim to the strange counsels of strange women, and we cannot repose any confidence in the king if he puts his counsel in strange women, but if

smitten, with a panic of fear lest the Papacy should be restored to its old ascendancy, a terror which was shared and expressed in strong terms by that high-minded patriot, Andrew Marvel. It is surely quite evident that the dread was not an unnatural one, which, in its eagerness to escape the threatening danger, attempted to exclude the Duke of York, afterwards James II, from the throne. "I hope," said Colonel Titus, "we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for a king; to trust expedients with



such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out." Here was the origin of the well-known lines so often applied to impolitic acts:—

"I heard a lion in the lobby roar;  
Pray, Mr. Speaker, shall I ope the door?  
Pray, Mr. Speaker, shall I let him in,  
That we may shortly let him out again?"

Such was the progress from those first days when privilege took the field.

The story of privilege as years passed on becomes exceedingly curious. The House began to follow in the unworthy tactics of the Long Parliament, and to invade the rights and privileges of speech. Upon the discussion of some clause in the Bill of Settlement in the reign of Queen Anne, Sir William Whitlock ingeniously eluded punishment by a sudden turn of speech. Sir William exclaimed, in the course of his speech, "Should the Elector of Hanover succeed to the throne, which I hope he never will—" the conclusion of the sentence was drowned in the shouts of "To the Bar! to the Bar!" He recovered his presence of mind in the clamour, and refused to apologise, saying, "the queen is younger in years than the Elector, and I would express a loyal hope that she may survive him." His friends knew his meaning better, but this sudden turn saved him.

In the earlier years of the Georges, especially of George I, free speech took rather a retrogressive movement; the Jacobite element was strong and it was outspoken. In 1717 Mr. Shippen put his glove to his mouth, according to what was considered his very bad habit, and said: "The propositions in the king's speech seemed rather calculated for the meridian of Germany than Great Britain," adding, "It is the only infelicity of his majesty's reign, that he is entirely unacquainted with our language and constitution." For this expression he was confined most injudiciously and tyrannically for many months in the Tower; but he was a stout-hearted gentleman, and when he came forth from his imprisonment he came with a fixed determination to speak out his sentiments as plainly as ever. He made his first appearance in the House with a piece of drollery upon his own imprisonment. He moved that two hundred a year should be added to the estimates for a physician for the Tower; "some of the members," he said, "were committed for free speech, and some for bribery and corruption, but as it was uncertain what might be the denomination of opinion of the person who should next be committed, he thought that none of them could grudge so trifling a sum for so charitable a purpose."

The series of instances, through which we have thus rapidly passed, brings out in a strong light the elevation of freedom to which we have

attained. It is nearly a hundred years since, on the decision of a Scottish Court, two gentlemen, Muir and Palmer, were transported to suffer as convicts at Botany Bay, for having entertained speculative views of Government, views which were odious to the ruling powers in our own land, punished by a law which some unwise men wished could be translated across the Tweed and made a law in England. Charles James Fox was indignant at the brutality of the sentence, and said, with reference to what had fallen from Mr. Adam, "My honourable friend has declared that if any minister should dare to introduce into this country the laws of Scotland, he hoped there would be found in this House men bold enough to impeach him. I cannot agree with him on this point; for so dearly do I prize the freedom of debate, in such veneration do I hold the free and unlimited discussion of any political or constitutional question within these walls, and so jealous am I of everything which would look like an infringement of this our most valuable privilege, that if the minister were to advance the most dangerous and detestable principles—if he were even to propose a bill to this House to alter the succession to the throne, and introduce in the place of our sovereign a foreign pretender, I would hold him justifiable for the unconstitutional measures he attempted to introduce, and I would with my voice endeavour to rescue him from a public impeachment or prosecution."

On the whole, with no gross flattery to our own times, it may be said and believed that the freedom of speech in the House of Commons was never so well understood and acted upon as in our more modern times. May we in pages such as these, which express no political or party views, dare to say that in proportion to the largeness of the freedom permitted, ought to be the good breeding and the good behaviour which prevent its outrage or violation. Words which would be treasonable, libellous, or seditious without, may be spoken within the walls of the Commons, and go forth for what they are worth and for the attention they may command. The Sovereign's name, indeed, is sacredly guarded from all mention, and perhaps there is only one instance during this century when the name of the Sovereign has been used to strengthen party. This sanctity is guarded in order that freedom of debate may be distinctly inviolable. The ministers of the Sovereign are open to every liberty of satire and invective, and the good feeling of the House is ordinarily such that the Speaker has not often to interpose his voice or his authority. This brief review will perhaps remind our readers of the great words of our poet—

"In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."



## SUSSEX FOLK AND SUSSEX WAYS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COKER EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

II.



an outside observer, the main feature of the life of our peasantry is probably its seemingly sad monotonous dullness. The type of our life would very likely be found in the following conversation which one of my parishioners told me took place between

himself and one of our labourers. "Don't you ever get a holiday, John?" "No, master, I don't know that I ever had a holiday in my life, without it was that time I went to Cräydon to give evidence on the trial. I had three days on it, then, and it jus' were a purty holiday, I can tell 'ee." "Well, but when do you look for another?" "I don't know as I ever shall have another—but there, I'd no ought to say that, for I sartinly do look for half a day before long, to bury my mother!" Again, what could be a sadder form of amusement than one which revealed itself some time since in an answer to the master of our national school, who asked a boy how he had come by a great scratch all down the side of his face. "Please, sir, we were playing at pig-killing" was the reply, "and he had to kill me, and he did it with his knife." Without doubt our country life at times is very dull. I was once sharply reminded of the fact, by a talk which I had with a boy about nine years old, who had come down from London to see some relations. Among other questions, I happened to ask him whether he liked the country, and finding that he was by no means enthusiastic in its praise, I pressed him for some reason for his indifference, when he answered very decidedly, "There ain't no society." I was a little taken back I confess by the *ennui* of this little man of the world, but it seemed to show very forcibly the way in which our quiet existence strikes persons who are used even to the mere physical excitement of town.

Many years ago there was a man in "Heffle" (Heathfield) parish, the next parish to our own on

the west, who, having a small annuity, lived upon it in idleness. Low as his credit was, he had managed to get considerably into debt, and the visits of his creditors in the hope of getting their money were frequent and pressing. The man was not an early riser, and persons who specially wanted to find him at home would make sure by calling before he was up. One morning a neighbour knocked at the door, and insisted on the man's wife rousing her husband, and compelling him to settle an account. She accordingly went upstairs, woke her husband, and failing, as usual, to get any money, said, rather sharply, "I wonder, John, how you can lie sleeping there when you owe all the money you do." "Oh, I can sleep very well," he said, "if I do owe money; but," turning round for another snore, he added, "I sometimes do wonder how they can sleep that I owe money to."

A similar contrast between an anxious mind and an easy one I once heard from a stranger in a train, who was telling me of an interview which, soon after he set up in business for himself, he had with a friend who, having been in business a little more than a year, was already hopelessly insolvent, and had got several writs out against him, and yet seemed perfectly calm and unconcerned. "I said to him," added my companion, "I wonder how ever you manage to take things as easy as you do. Why, I can pay twenty shillings in the pound, and yet often and often I can't sleep for thinking." "Ah," he said, "that's just the difference between us. You can't sleep for thinking, and I can't think for sleeping."

I do not affirm that a true bill would be found upon the following indictment against a parish in the county of Essex, but I do not think that the parishioners themselves would deny that the indictment has been laid. During a season of great drought, the inhabitants of the parish sank a deep well at the public expense. The well having been dug, the large heap of earth which had come out of it was, by common consent, voted an eyesore which ought to be removed. A parish meeting was accordingly held, to consider how the obnoxious heap should be got rid of. Many suggestions were made as to the best way of dealing with it, but at last it was proposed, and unanimously carried, that they should dig a large hole and bury it! How often the process of digging a fresh hole to bury the earth which had come out of the last, was repeated, I never heard, but I fear that the plan must have put the parish to a good

deal of expense before it was successful. This, however, was in Essex, not in Sussex. The South Saxon mind occasionally exercises itself in much sterner fashion. The Rev. A. Eden, the worthy Vicar of Ticehurst, the next parish to our own on the north, has for many years employed a gardener of the name of Bones, and the fact has been turned to account in the solution of an interesting scientific inquiry. It has been asked, "What evidence does Ticehurst parish afford of the existence of pre-Adamite man?" to which question there is the obvious and sufficient answer, "The discovery of bones in the garden of Eden." Even in the "sheeres," too, which word "shires" a non-Sussex reader may interpret to mean any part of England generally, outside of Sussex, Surrey, or Kent, men's minds are sometimes put to a test, before which the reasoning powers that determined the fate of the heap of earth would, I fear, have quailed. A friend once told me that he had himself, as I certainly understood him, held the following colloquy in one of the Midland counties with the proprietor of a clock, which must have involved its owner in habits of serious calculation: "Why, Mr. Jones, your clock is not quite right, is it?" "Well, you see, sir," said Mr. Jones, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve then it strikes two, and then I knows it's twenty minutes to seven." What the real time was when Mr. Jones's clock struck half-past five, would be a not unreasonable question in a Civil Service Examination paper.

A truly rural story, the point of which was certainly rather broader, but which indicated to me no small sense of that humour which I am claiming as a set-off against our country dulness, I had also from a stranger, an elderly farmer, as I took him to be, a fellow-passenger in a train from Salisbury to Grately. Should my unknown friend ever see my version of his tale, I hope that he will pardon me for spoiling it by my indifferent telling, and that he will accept my thanks for the enjoyment which it afforded me. It ran thus, as nearly as I remember. Two cockneys, who had come down to stay a few days in the country, near Grately, on the borders of Hampshire and Wiltshire, met in their walk one morning an old man, who, my informant said, was "a droll old chap," and who happened to have a large pumpkin under his arm. The Londoners noticed that the old man was carrying something, though they could not quite make out what it was, and, confident in their power as town-dwellers, they thought they would have a little joke at the old countryman's expense. So they opened fire. "Good morning, master." "Good marnin', zur." "What is that you are carrying under your arm, friend?" "'Tis a mare's egg, zur." "Dear me," said the Londoners, not liking to own their ignorance, "it's the finest we ever saw." "Ah, zur," said the old man, "there's lots of common 'uns about, but this is a thoroughbred 'un, zur; that's what makes 'un look so vine." "Will you sell it?" said the cockneys. "Well," said the old man, "I doan't mind partin' wi' 'un, tho' I doan't s'pose you'll give the money I want for a thoroughbred mare's egg." After some bar-

gaining, the men put their hands into their pockets and paid what was asked. The old man then handed over the pumpkin, and as he did so, looked at them very seriously, and said, "Now, mind, zur, and do 'ee take great care wi' 'un, for she'll hatch soon!" Away went the Londoners with their mare's egg, and as they were crossing a hill just by Grately station, which my informant pointed out, the one who was carrying the prize stumbled over one of the juniper bushes with which the hill is dotted about, and dropped the pumpkin, starting at the same time a hare out of the bush. In their excitement, and thinking, I suppose, that the fall had suddenly hastened the hatching, they shouted wildly to some men at work in a field at the bottom of the hill, "Hi! stop our colt! stop our colt!" The story, told as it was in the purest Wiltshire dialect, was truly amusing.

It is, however, a curious illustration of the temptation to give an air of reality and a proportionately increased interest to an anecdote by assigning it to a particular person or locality. When I heard the story in the train, and saw my friend point out the very scene of it on the hill at Grately, I felt that I was receiving it fresh from the very fountain-head. To my surprise, however, I found only the other day that the narrative in almost identical words was a favourite one of the father of one of my own parishioners, a Kentish man born and bred, who had been a resident all his life in his own county.

How far I may have been the victim of a like illusion in other stories I cannot say. I tell them after due inquiry as they were told to me, and time and circumstances are no invention of my own. Having thus warned my readers, I disclaim further responsibility. Occasionally I must confess I feel somewhat inclined to shelter myself behind a dictum which I have heard attributed to Dr. Johnson. Some one had, unluckily for himself, told the doctor a story with such an air of truthfulness that the doctor had accepted it as true, and on being laughed at for his credulity, he is said to have retorted with Johnsonian force, "Sir, you take me for a fool because I did not take you for a liar."

A great many years ago, so the tradition is, our village miller was asked by a good solicitor, who was occasionally fond of a joke outside the limits of the profession, how the saying had got about that there was never but one miller who went to heaven. "Oh, sir!" replied Mr. Skinner, the miller, "and shall I tell you how it was that he 'bid' there [*i.e.*, stopped there] when he was there?" The good lawyer gave it up. "Because, sir," said the miller, "they couldn't find never a lawyer there to e-ject him. Good morning, sir." I am quite aware that an epigram involving the same point with reference to priests, is attributed to Dean Swift, but our miller's humour was none the less original, for I think we may rest assured that he had never heard of Dean Swift.

There is, no doubt, always a danger of telling stories which are already known, even in quoting what one believes to be the most purely local efforts of the rural mind. If, however, I am detected

in crediting Sussex or any other county with humour, or supposed humour, not its own, I can only say again, in self-defence, that I most conscientiously refrain from giving, without due warning, as a "recollection," anything which I have ever heard anywhere else than in the county, or which I have the least ground for supposing is not the genuine offspring of native imagination. Here is another tradition which in my early Sussex days fixed itself in my memory, and which has been stamped as true to Sussex nature by every local audience before which I have produced it. At a meeting of our guardians, a man was applying for more relief. A difficulty, as is often the case, presented itself in the unthriftiness of the wife, and the fact was notified to the applicant in the not uncommon formula, "We are afraid, Master Smith, that your wife is not a very good manager." "Oh, gentlemen," replied Master Smith, "I don't know naught about my wife not being a good manager, but I do know one thing, I know she could manage a good deal more if she could get it." I have heard also that, on a suggestion being made at our petty sessions to a man whose character for sobriety was not very high, that it was to be feared that he was a good deal given to drink, the immediate reply was vouchsafed by the unabashed defendant, "No, gentlemen; there you be quite wrong; it's a good deal of drink as is given to me;" his defence being, that people had treated him, and that so he was overcome.

I have so constantly been worsted in any word encounters with men whose wits have been unduly sharpened by a little drink, that I have long ago given up speaking to them either in the way of reproof or of exhortation, or in any way at all, if I can possibly avoid doing so. Before, however, I had learnt wisdom, I one day begged a man, a stranger to me, who was making a terrible noise in our churchyard, to make his noise, if he made it at all, somewhere else than close to the church. On being spoken to, the man drew himself up with all the dignity he could command, and said, "Who be you?" I answered, "Oh, that is no consequence. I am the curate." "Curate!" he said, "and what if you be? What be you speaking to me for? I be a bishop!" Just at this moment his mate came up, and said, "Oh, sir, never mind him, sir—his name's Bishop, that's all." Such an answer as this, unfortunately obliterates in our people's minds all idea of wrong-doing by reason of the drink, and the humour entirely condones the sin.

At times the meaning of our repartees is a little more recondite, and does not lie absolutely on the surface. More than once, at a club dinner, or some similar entertainment, I have heard, during a pause after the pudding, and before the cloth was drawn, the following conversation. "I say, Bill, I think I've lost somethin' sin' I came into this room;" and Bill, without condescending to guess what the something was, has replied, "Oh, never you mind, you'll find it again to-morrow morning without looking for it." The turn, "without looking for it," as applied to the re-discovery of the appetite, has struck me as ingenious.

Even our boys occasionally shine, though it

may be unconsciously. A carter-boy on a clay soil, whose life is physically a very trying one, may be excused for being dull and slow; and the following explanation by a young carter's-mate of an accident which happened to one of his horses is, I fear, above the average; still, I give it as it was told me at the time. We then happened to have in the parish one team of horses so lean and poor that they looked more like skeletons than working animals, and their heads, as in skeletons, seemed large and heavy, out of proportion to their bodies. The accident was a kick which one of the poor brutes had given another in the stable, and the carter-boy being called upon for his version of the affair, was reported to me as having said, "Well, you see, somehow he's head fell out of the manger"—how this first step came about he did not pretend to say, but this being assumed, the rest was simple—"and that overbalanced his body, so he's hind leg flew up and het agen t'other horse, and that's jus' how 'twas." That the poor animal had spirit or strength enough to kick at all, was an idea that the boy could not entertain for a moment, so the theory of the head overbalancing the body was the only explanation he could suggest.

A younger boy still was once also, I am sure, singularly unconscious of the amusement which his answers to some questions which I happened to ask him in the street of our village afforded me. Not knowing whose boy he was, I said, "Well, my little man, whose little man are you?" (He) "Father's." (I) "Quite right; but where do you live?" (He) "Along wi' father." (I) "Yes, yes, but where does your father live?" (He) "Why, he's our father—he lives along wi' us." I retired discomfited.

A good many years ago a gentleman, a relation of my own, had not much better success with a boy of Ticehurst parish, who was marking for him during a day's shooting. The boy had been especially stupid, and at last the gentleman, almost in despair, fixed him in a spot where there was a good view, and gave him the simple order, "Now, when you hear me fire, and shout 'Mark!' do you take especial notice where the birds settle." In due course a shot was fired, and "Mark!" was called. When the gentleman came up to the boy, he asked him, "Well, Tom, where did those birds settle?" "Down there, sir, under that gurt oak-tree." Not a bird, however, was to be found. The gentleman returned. "Tom, you stupid boy, where did those birds settle?" "Down there, sir, under that gurt oak-tree." "Why, there isn't a bird there." "Well, sir, I know that's where they settled, for as soon as I see 'em settle, I thought I'd go down alongside the hedge just to make sure, and soonsever I popped my head over to see if they was there, well, sir, if they didn't all get up and fly away! but I be sartin that's where they settled."

The following answer, which I once got from one of our young men to whom I was speaking on the advantage of having a home of his own instead of knocking about in lodgings, is, I am told, not confined to Sussex. I heard it, how-

ever, in our street, and I have never heard it anywhere else, so it is Sussex to me. The young man listened patiently to what I had to urge, and then delivered his judgment. "I don't seem to see the good of giving some woman half my victuals to get t'other half cooked."

The unconventional turn which rustic answers take often puts the questioner sorely at a disadvantage, and sheer unpreparedness leaves the victory with the enemy.

My father used to tell me of an unexpected speech of this kind made to a gentleman whom he knew in his early days, which would certainly have left me at a loss for a reply. The good man was out driving with his wife, who was noted for her bad temper, and, in a narrow road met a waggon which they had some difficulty in passing. The lady, apparently thinking that the carter was not making as much haste as he ought to do to get out of the way, began to rate him pretty freely. Just, however, as they drew clear, the man stepped up to the carriage, and respectfully touching his hat to the gentleman, asked whether he might speak a word. The lady, thinking that he was going to apologise for his slowness, interposed, and said very sharply, "Yes, say whatever you have got to say," whereupon the man, again touching his hat, and looking hard at the gentleman, said, very quietly, "Sir, I do pity 'ee from the bottom of my heart, for I've got just such another brute at home myself."

Not long ago I heard also of the experience of a clergyman in the north country, if I remember right, which I should think somewhat crippled the power of rejoinder. As he was riding one day, rather in a hurry, he saw ahead of him a small boy with a barrow, who was gathering road manure, but who had drawn up by the roadside, evidently wishing to speak to him. He accordingly stopped his horse, and had no sooner done so than the boy inquired, in perfect innocence, "Oi say, mester; have yo seen any muck along th' road?" At such a moment dignity is at a discount, and riding on as quickly as possible seems the only resource. How a former well-known master of Balliol College, Oxford, fared when, in an encounter with a turnpike man, this was the one particular remedy for shattered dignity which was denied him, the story does not say. The tradition, however, is, that the good "master" coming to a turnpike-gate in a part of the country where

he was not known, found, on putting his hand into his pocket, that he had left all his money at home. The gate-keeper would not let him pass, whereupon the "master," little accustomed to be thwarted by anybody, and much less by a rustic, showed signs of wishing to force his way, expostulating in utter amazement, "But, my good man, it will be all right; I am the master of Balliol." "Don't care what you're master of, but if you aren't master of twopence you don't go through this gate," was the inexorable but somewhat cruel reply.

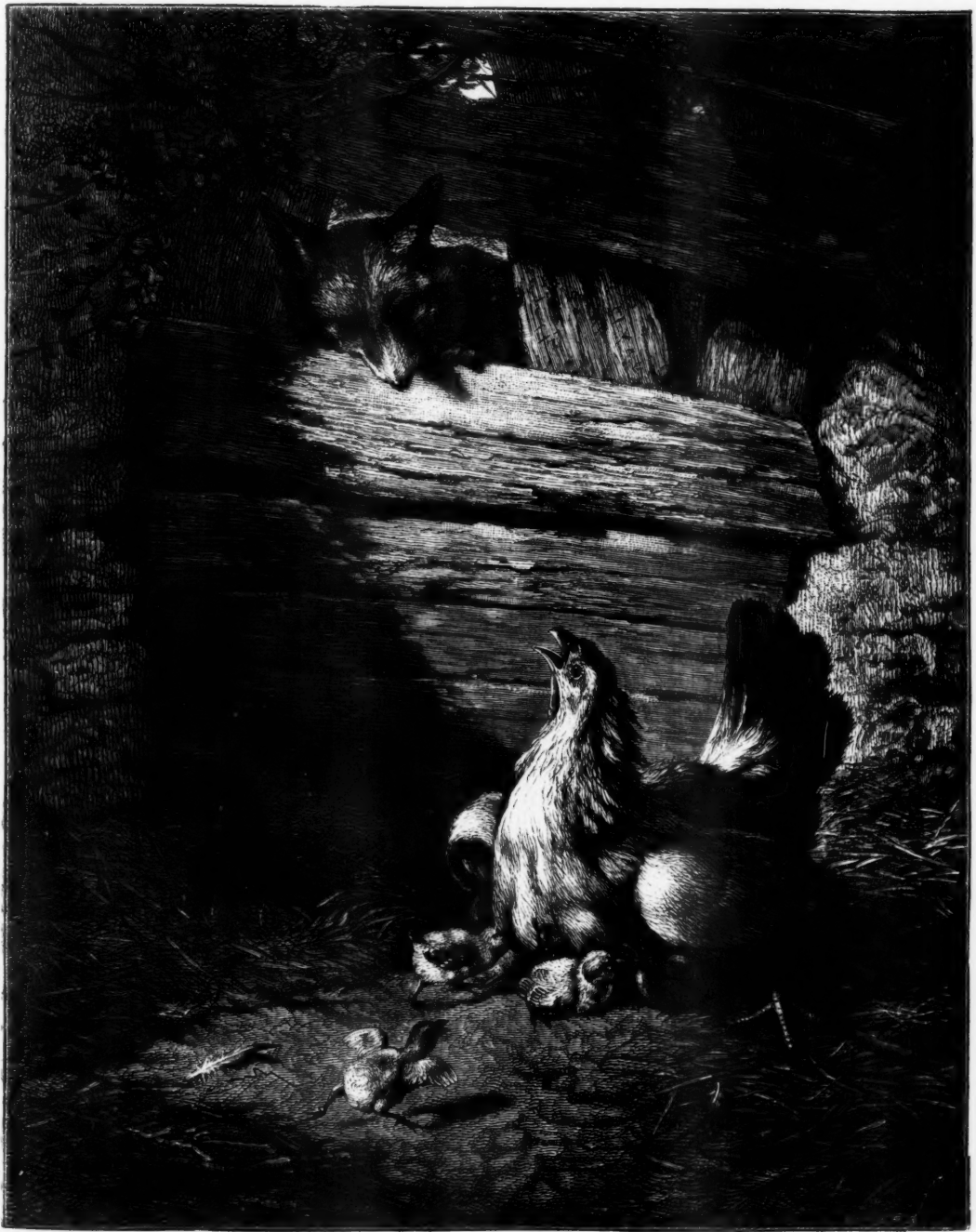
I was myself once utterly at a loss for a suitable rejoinder when, finding a boy of about fifteen smoking, I unadvisedly tried the line of banter, by saying, "Oh, Harry, Harry; if you don't mind you'll be a man before your time," and received for my answer, "Oh, you should see me at my knife and fork; I just be a trencherman." I felt that a homily after such a spirited resistance would fall very flat, and I did not pursue the subject.

I have often greatly envied the powerful formula which I have heard attributed to a publican who in former times kept the Gun at Netherfield. If any lad whom he thought of too tender years to have begun to smoke called for half an ounce of tobacco, he would ask, "Who for? Is it for your father?" And if the boy answered, "No; it's for myself," he would say, "Go along with you, and buy a penn'orth of bull's-eyes; I've not learnt my hog to smoke yet, and I'm not going to serve you." I heartily wish that this moral courage was more plentiful in these more polite days.

Were it not for a discrepancy of dates, my young trencherman might have been the very boy whose fame has come down to us in connection with power of appetite. He had been sent with a message to a squire's house a few miles off, and was set down by the cook to the very considerable remains of a round of beef, and told to help himself, while he waited for his answer. The answer found him still occupied; and the cook, as unwisely as myself, spoke jestingly, and said, "Well, my little man, are you going to finish it?" Her helplessness was as complete as my own when the boy said, very seriously, as he ate on, "Well, ma'am, I think I could—leisurely." I do not know that it is wise to be the chronicler of one's own defeats, but possibly my confessions may be useful in putting on his guard some good country curate as inexperienced as I once was.







A MORNING CALL.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

### THE WILD CAT.



**A**MONG animals once common in Scotland, but now nearly extinct, is the wild cat. In the forests of Germany, Hungary, and Russia, in the western parts of Asia, and in certain districts of Switzerland, these ferocious animals abound, and they are found occasionally among the mountains of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. During the day they lurk on the branches of large trees, in the hollows of decayed trunks, or in clefts and holes of the rocks, whence at night they sally forth in quest of plunder. Hence it happens they are rarely seen, but the presence of a wild cat soon becomes apparent from the slaughter made during its nocturnal excursions. Hares, rabbits, grouse, partridges, and other creatures, are stealthily seized, and the fur or feathers of the victim alone remain to mark the presence of the destroyer.

The wild cat is larger than the tame animal, being about six feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. The general colour of the body is a dark grey, a dusky black stripe running along the spine, while the sides are decorated with transverse waves of an obscure blackish-brown colour. The fur is thick and deep. The animal has an abundant whisker, larger teeth than the domestic cat, and it has a yellow throat. On the face its colour is a yellowish-grey, passing into greyish-brown on the head, and several black stripes extend from the face between the ears to the top of the head. The strength of the wild cat is enormous in proportion to its size, and its eyes glare fiercely. Though it shuns the face of man, it turns to bay when hard pressed, darts ferociously on its assailant, aiming chiefly at the face and eyes, and using claws and teeth with vindictive fury. The female makes her nest in a hollow tree or rock, but sometimes in the nest of a large bird, produces four or five young ones at a birth, and in defence of them will face any danger.

Besides the genuine wild cat there are specimens of domestic cats that have become wild. The house cat, which through accident has lost its home, is a timid, shrinking creature, but cats which have been kitted in the woods, especially if they have descended from several generations of wild ancestors, are bold and ferocious, though generally distinct from the genuine wild animal. The Border land, once conspicuous for its wild men, had its wild cats of both species. In Scotland, at one period, they must have been common, for, in the reign of David I, more than 700 years ago, an Act was passed, imposing a tax on the exportation of certain furs, including those of the

cat, the beaver, and the sable. In Jed Forest they must have been plentiful, even not far from human habitations; for, on the estate of Lord Campbell, and within a mile of Jedburgh, is a gate called "the wild-cat gate." In 1855 Lord Ravensworth shot, in Northumberland, a cat which in colour and almost in size resembled the genuine wild animal, but it had a tapering tail, and not the long tail all of one thickness and tipped with black, which always distinguishes the real cat of the woods.

Two cases occur to us in which the real wild cat was seen, one on either side of the Border. About sixty years since a boy was herding cows among the skirts of the Lammermuirs, and part of the pasture ground was a rocky ravine, which had the reputation of harbouring a colony of wild cats. In the glen were some tall trees, and near the top of one he observed a large nest, which looked like that of a hooded crow. He resolved to climb the tree and explore the nest. The tree grew from a deep hollow near the bottom of a precipice, and had a trunk of about fifty feet without branches; after which, the branches spread out, and on one side almost touched a point of rock that protruded six or seven feet in front of the precipice. The nest was about twenty feet higher than this point. The adventurous cowherd doffed his corduroy jacket, climbed the bare trunk till he reached the branches, where he rested for a little, then resumed his climbing, but wondered there was neither sound nor sign of crows. Still he never thought of wild cats. In due time he reached the nest, put his hand into it as schoolboys do, and looked over the edge at the same time. In a moment three young cats, their eyes like lightning, their little tails bristling, and their backs set up, scratched him, sprang towards his face as far as the edge of the nest, striking out with their paws with great ferocity. They were of a greyish dun colour, and apparently about five weeks old. Terrified lest the mother cat should spring on him, the cowherd descended the tree with all haste, but fortunately for him the creature did not appear. In the evening the men of the farm, attended by dogs and armed with guns, proceeded to the place. From the top of the rock several shots were fired through the nest, and the mother and her young ones were all killed. That was before the era of naturalists' clubs, and so one of the men made a cap of the old cat's skin instead of sending it to a museum. The nest had been that of a hooded crow, but had been appropriated by the cat, which reached the branches of the tree from the projecting ledge of rocks.

The other case was in Northumberland, near Keilder Castle, a hunting seat of the Duke of Northumberland, and the story is told by James Telfer, formerly schoolmaster at Taughtree, in Liddesdale. The district between Taughtree and Keilder, as also for miles on every side, is a wild pastoral country, and was much more sparsely inhabited about the middle of last century than it now is, besides being overgrown with natural wood. In the forests of Keilder wild cats were believed to have an asylum, and one day James Telfer's grandfather, a stalwart shepherd, encountered one. Having occasion to be in the Keilder district, a wild cat suddenly, and apparently without provocation, sprang on him, aiming at his throat, biting and scratching most viciously. Though an athletic man he would have succumbed but for the help of his dog. After several ineffectual efforts to strangle the creature or fling it from him, Telfer contrived at length to pin it to the ground with one knee, and then, with the help of the collie, he managed to kill the animal. When stretched on the ground, after life was extinct, it was found to measure rather more than the dog from the nose to the tip of the tail. The shepherd bore marks of the encounter to his dying day, particularly in the disfiguration of a thumb-nail, which had been split.

J. T.

## TALKING BIRDS.

Parrots, starlings, and jacksdaws are not the only birds that "talk." Birds not possessed of native powers of melody are usually gifted with very varied abilities of articulation. A hooded crow, for instance, can produce an astonishing variety of complex noises from his throat, and his talents only lack cultivation to enable him to give utterance to words; but his natural language is the very reverse of melodious, and cannot in any sense be considered as a "song." I have known a hooded crow to say "Papa!" with great correctness, and, what is more remarkable, he invariably applied the name to its proper owner—not the hoodie's papa, but his master's. The starling talks very roughly, indeed, to his fellows, but he is one of the best mimics we have, imitating the notes of other birds, and even the human voice, with great accuracy. Magpies also can be taught to articulate with a tolerable degree of accuracy. The mocking-bird, too, so well known in some parts of the United States, has no natural melody of his own, but he contrives to copy in a most faithful manner the songs of nearly all his feathered neighbours.

But it is a little surprising to find that the canary, so superbly endowed by nature with musical taste and skill, will condescend on occasion to imitate the unmelodious tones of the human voice, although the fact that he does so is beyond dispute. A correspondent of "Land and Water" mentions a canary owned by an old lady residing in Saltford, near Bath, which was able to pronounce several words with remarkable distinctness. At the conclusion of its song the bird nearly always said, "Kiss, kiss, Miss Lizzie, kiss,

kiss!"—Miss Lizzie being the daughter of its owner; and, after repeating the words more than once, a new song was begun. It seems that these words were acquired several years ago, when the bird was quite young, and during the moulting season, when its natural song would be discontinued.

Curiously enough, the only cases I have known of talking canaries have occurred in the West of England, but I am not able to draw any conclusion of value from that circumstance. It may be a mere coincidence, or there may possibly be a certain family of canaries settled in the west country, whose peculiar gift it is to imitate, with a fair amount of accuracy, the various intonations of the human voice. A canary which was owned by a lady in Weston-super-Mare was accustomed to hear its mistress, an invalid, say, on conclusion of its song, "Oh beauty, beauty! Sing that again!" These words the bird picked up, and was soon able to repeat, but its education made no further progress, and no additional words were acquired. The short sentence, as in the case of the Saltford bird, was never uttered save after a brilliant burst of song.

It is wholly incorrect to suppose that no meaning is ever attached by talking birds to such words or short sentences as they may be able to pronounce. The well-known case of the Edinburgh parrot, whose singular accomplishments have been already noticed in more than one periodical, has settled this question once and for ever. So far was this clever bird above "mere parrot-talk" that he rarely spoke a word which had not direct relation to surrounding objects or events. A strange dog introduced into the room was greeted with loud cries of "Put him out! Put him out! I'm so frightened!" Clergymen attending his numerous levees were politely requested to "Gie oot the Psalm!" and, as this by itself would savour somewhat of habitual irreverence on Poll's part, it is only fair to add that he was very particular at meal-times in telling the assembled family to "Say grace first!"

T. E.

## AUSTRALIAN LOVE BIRDS.

As these pretty little Parrakeets have become very popular and are now placed within common reach by the low price consequent upon the importation of vast numbers from Australia, a little information respecting their history and habits will perhaps be interesting to those who keep them or intend doing so.

At first sight the now common name Budgerigar, strikes one as rather peculiar and ugly, and it is a puzzle to find its derivation. It appears, however, to be a corruption of the word "Beauregard," and is in its distorted spelling perhaps of easier pronunciation to our colonial friends than the correct and more refined one.

The scientific name is *Melopsittacus undulatus*, Undulated Grass Parrakeet. The birds are, however, also known as Shell Parrots, Australian Love Birds, Zebra Parrakeets, and Beauregards. They live in immense flocks all over Australia, and in

ordinary seasons especially in the neighbourhood of the River Murray. Here they can be met with during breeding time by tens of thousands, enlivening the tall grass and the immense eucalypti with their continued fluttering and chirruping; the young birds are easily picked up from the ground and taken from the trees by the hand; and it is here where the Australian birdcatchers get all the Budgerigars that come to us from the Antipodes. They fill their bags of an evening with birds, and on reaching home put them up in boxes, holding one to two hundred each; these are taken to Adelaide and are sold to captains of vessels on the point of leaving for London, or they are sent to Melbourne and Sydney, and reach us *via* these ports.

In seasons of drought the birds migrate to the far north of Australia, and none are then to be met with at all in the south; and as we have no trading ports in Northern Australia to speak of, no Budgerigars will then be brought to the English market. The dealers here will then take advantage of the cessation of arrivals, and rapidly advance the prices for those remaining in their hands; it is this continually varying supply and scarcity which causes the large fluctuations in the prices of Budgerigars. Many a small fortune has been made in former years by the enterprising skippers, who brought large numbers over to England, which they sold here in the docks at £1 or £1 10s. a pair, and which cost them out in Adelaide about 1s. 6d. each. One ship would often bring from five to fifteen hundred pairs, for which in the early days of the fancy there were always eager buyers. The first pair of Budgerigars ever brought alive to England was purchased by my father for £22—about twenty-six years ago; since then the importations have yearly increased, and the prices been proportionally reduced until recently they could be purchased retail at 8s. per pair.

On the Continent the fancy for foreign aviary birds has always been much more spread than here. In Belgium it was found that Budgerigars not only stood the climate of the cold winter months very well, but also that they bred in confinement in a surprising manner; many people therefore made it a pecuniary speculation to keep large numbers of them for breeding purposes, and at times, when the produce could be sold at high prices, very handsome incomes were made by their sale. Indeed the great peculiarity of Budgerigars is their prolificness, for when once mated a pair will go on reproducing at so rapid a rate that the young of one brood, while still unfledged in the nest, will find themselves in company with the eggs of the following brood, and thus, unwittingly, through the warmth of their bodies, contribute towards the hatching of the younger family.

The plumage of the male and female Budgerigar is exactly alike, and now too well known to need further description; but what may not be known so well is the means of distinguishing the one from the other. The only external difference of the male from the female bird is in the colour of the cere at the root of the upper mandible, which is

dark blue in the former and brown or greyish in the latter. Imported birds begin to pair in October and November, which period corresponds with early summer in their native home. When breeding they should be fed with ant's eggs mixed with bread crumbs and hard-boiled eggs, in addition to their staple food of canary seed. Let their nesting-box be an empty cocoa-nut shell, with a hole in the upper half sufficiently large to admit one bird at a time. In this cocoa-nut the hen bird will lay her eggs. As no nest is made, it is not necessary to place any nest-building materials into the cage, but it is advisable to sprinkle the bottom of the nesting-box with a little silver sand, so that the eggs rest on a firm layer, and do not roll against one another and so get injured. When the young ones make their appearance, the busy time of the parents fairly sets in, for these youngsters are continually crying for food, and are as assiduously waited upon by both the old birds.

On account of their hardy nature these birds could be easily acclimatised to our native fields and forests. Indeed, several attempts have been made by turning out a number into private demesnes, where, however, they have been usually caught away or shot by strangers. They ought, therefore, to be specially protected by Act of Parliament to thrive here. If so, there is no doubt Budgerigars would soon become indigenous, and be a pretty addition to the fauna of our woods and parks.

A. E. JAMRACH.

#### POLAR BEARS.

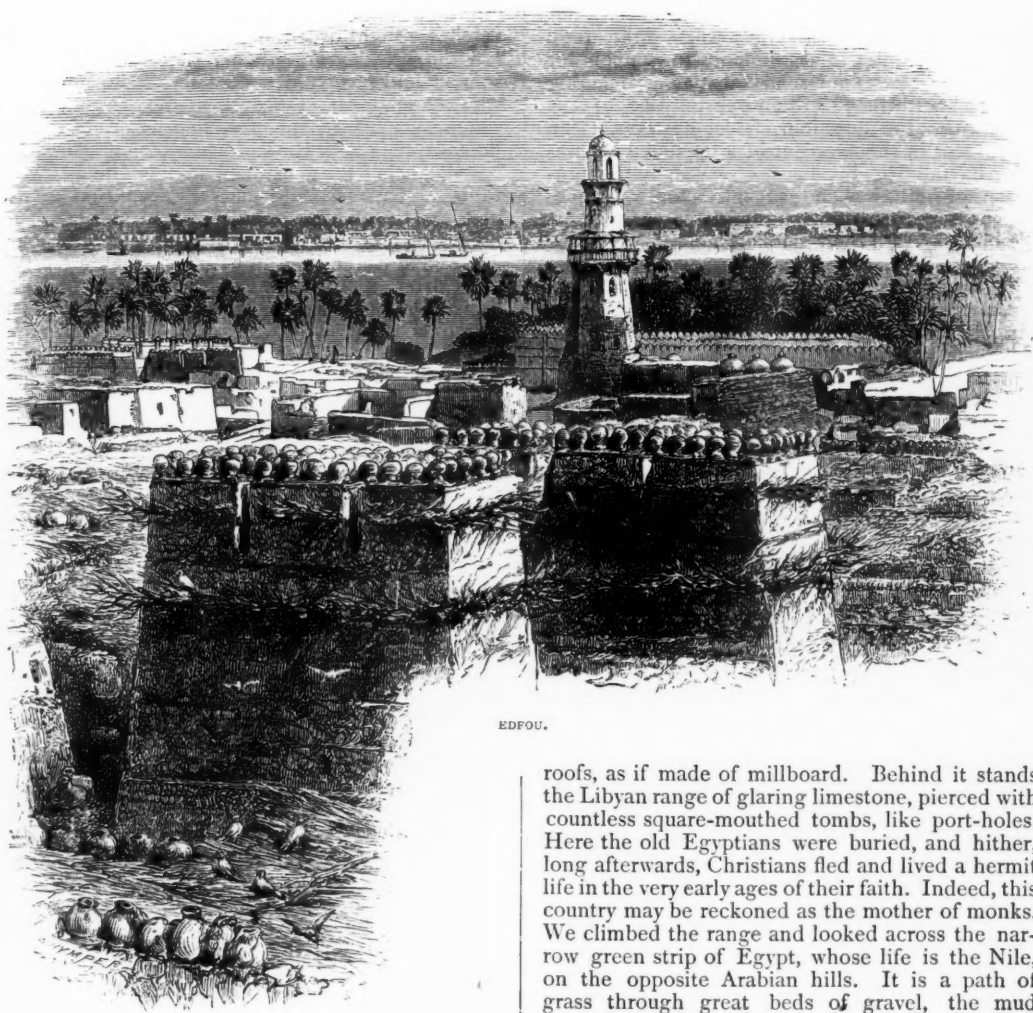
The late Mr. Frank Buckland, in referring to the two young Polar bears brought to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park this winter, wrote:—Not much is known of the habits of Polar bears. They are said to hybernate about Christmas time, and to come out in April. They get under the snow, and make a kind of nest deep down in the snow heap, and they go to sleep till the weather softens. The short summer in the Arctic regions is very hot, and at this time the Polar bears live upon the fruits and vegetable food. At other times their food consists principally of seals, walrus, and the smaller whales and fish. They are excellent swimmers, and very artful divers, and often get a seal dinner by diving long distances, and so surprising the sleeping seal. They are generally attracted to whaling ships from great distances by smell of the boiling blubber. These expeditions generally end by the Polar bear losing his great-coat. The Esquimaux state that in the fur of the Polar bear there is a peculiar repellent power of snow, and that when they come in covered with snow it is a custom to brush off their fur dresses with a piece of Polar bear fur. A Polar bear having to walk nearly all his life upon snow and ice, wears natural snow-shoes which prevent him slipping. The visitor to the gardens should therefore observe that the soles of the Polar bear's foot are not naked pads like those of the lion who has to deal with sand in his hunting expeditions, but that the soles of the bear's feet are well padded with hair, which assists him to climb about the slippery icebergs.



## PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

II.



EDFOU.

*Assiut, February 14, 1880.*

**T**HIS is the capital of Upper Egypt, and a place of some 25,000 inhabitants. It is full of picturesque interiors and groups, especially in the camel fair—there were hundreds of these beasts for sale, and I am beginning to have my opinion about the “points” of a dromedary—and the bazaars. From the outside, the town, being built of mud and sun-dried bricks of the same colour as the Nile, looks, with its flat

roofs, as if made of millboard. Behind it stands the Libyan range of glaring limestone, pierced with countless square-mouthed tombs, like port-holes. Here the old Egyptians were buried, and hither, long afterwards, Christians fled and lived a hermit life in the very early ages of their faith. Indeed, this country may be reckoned as the mother of monks. We climbed the range and looked across the narrow green strip of Egypt, whose life is the Nile, on the opposite Arabian hills. It is a path of grass through great beds of gravel, the mud villages showing upon it like worm-casts on a lawn. Behind us lay the Desert, yellow, scorched, empty, stretching into Africa. As we drew near to the gate of the city on our return we met two funerals, with their attendant crowds of shrieking women. The utterances of these hired mourners struck me as conspicuously indifferent. They seemed to walk in heedless chatter, occasionally giving a professional scream, and then falling back into their gabble again. But they got over the ground at a rapid pace, which lent a fresh significance to the gesture—“He came and touched the bier, and

they that bare him stood still." Indeed, one here inevitably perceives new force in familiar words of Scripture. For instance, I never before so apprehended the last clause of the verse which ends with "A rod for the back of fools." The bearer of a stick makes no scruple of thus emphasising his estimate of folly. Our dragoman, seemingly a kind-hearted fellow, with a ready smile, is armed with a hippopotamus whip, a fearful instrument. "Good for bad Arab," he says. And sometimes he sheds this his goodness forth plenteously. A village chief too, say a senior warden, will carry a pole six feet long, and suddenly turn upon his fellow-ratepayers, and send them all scampering in a moment if they show an indisposition to take his view of the question. This, however, is an ugly factor in the problem of Egyptian regeneration, be the Khedive never so lavish in the provision of railways and sugar factories, whose chimneys make great patches of defilement against the blue sky with their smoke.

Talking of smoke, I must say a word about the Nile steamers. Of course, there are epicures in sensation who shudder at the thought of them. But yesterday as we passed a richly equipped dahabeah, crawling against stream and wind with fourteen long sweeps, pulled by grunting Arabs and Nubians, I thought that the owner, in his secret heart, would have liked to have been taken in tow. Long reaches of the Nile are utterly uninteresting. You pass between endless mud embankments, exactly like the sea walls in the Essex saltings, and from some of the dahabeahs see nothing else, except the tops of the low limestone ranges which border the land. Now, from the deck of our steamer we look over the country and go swiftly through the dullest parts, making a fresh wind of our own in the sultriest calm. Certainly we are fortunate on the present occasion, as the boat, containing forty-five berths, has only eighteen passengers on board. It is true, however, that we cannot stop when and wherever we fancy; but the steamer is run ashore and tied to a stake or a palm-tree at the most famous spots, where donkeys are always ready to take us to tombs or what not, and our intelligent dragoman, who speaks English fluently, saves us trouble in the matter of baksheesh, and, in reply to questions, tells us what he knows. Ashore you can walk or ride apart from the rest of the party, if you please. No doubt, for two or three months of perfect ease, a dahabeah is much to be commended, and a crowded steamer might be very disagreeable. But, again, I do not think I should thoroughly enjoy a repose in which calms or contrary winds were overcome by a toiling crew, dragging, like slaves in a trireme, at their heavy sweeps just in front of the cabin door. No. The perfection of progress here would be in a roomy private steam launch, fitted with silent machinery, and capable of being used under sail. As it is, we are comfortable enough at present. There is a small pleasant party on board, and we have a French cook and a doctor told off for the service. He wants to see the hospitals in London, though, as he says, the anatomical school in Egypt is good, since he can get a body for dissection when he pleases.

The weather is most treacherous. A perfectly blue sky and a fierce sun make you fancy that it is the height of summer. But the wind is so keen that I have been glad to wear my Ulster on deck; and directly the sun sets—*ruit nox*. And it often comes with cold so sudden, that unless you wrap up quickly and thoroughly you run the chance of a dangerous chill. Several of our few fellow-passengers suffered from a neglect of this precaution. But the night sky is crowded with a multitude of glowing, magnified stars, which throw tracks or patches of light over the silent Nile. We always run the boat ashore when it is dark, mostly by some palm grove, and paddle on at dawn. One striking feature of the dusk is the "afterglow" which remains in the sky, like a warm aurora borealis, long after the sun has set.

In glancing for a moment at the ground over which we have passed, I must say a word on Memphis, and the great necropolis of Sakkárah. Memphis, the magnificent city of the Pharaoh whom Moses and Aaron went in unto with their message from the Lord God of the Hebrews, has had its ruins pulled down for the sake of the building materials which it provided, and that which may remain of it is now smothered in mud—the last and greatest of Egyptian plagues. Nothing is left but a huge statue of Rameses, flat upon its face in a pool of mire. Its vast necropolis, with its millions of buried mummies, is itself, in turn, buried beneath the sands which have drifted over the Libyan range. Not many years ago the head of a sphinx showed itself, like the top of a rock at low tide. Then investigators dug a trench to the depth of seventy feet, and disclosed a double row of sphinxes leading into some of the sepulchral wonders of the place. The importunate sand has filled it again now. But the entrance to the tombs where the sacred bulls were laid in pomp has been kept open. They were worshipped in Memphis, and buried here. We went down into their graves. You traverse a subterranean gallery more than 200 yards long, on either side of which, in recesses, are huge sarcophagi, in which the bulls were put. When discovered, some quarter of a century ago, they were found empty. Every lid had been shifted. But how familiar the Hebrews were with the worship of the calf, as it is called, those thousands of years ago! The surface of the sandy soil which has buried this vast burial-ground is broken into mounds and covered with fragments of ancient pottery. A couple of Arabs were digging a hole with hoes as we rode over this sepulchral site, and rudely throwing out the skulls and ribs of mummies whose rest had been unbroken, till that afternoon, through the mightiest changes of history that the world knows.

It is curious to notice the contrast between the Western civilisation introduced by the Khedive and the conservative habits of the peasantry. The railway has preceded the wheelbarrow. The sole tool in the land appears to be a broad hoe which does the duty of a spade. But the bare hand and foot are chiefly used. The "navigator" moves the soil in a basket which he carries on his shoulder and fills with his fingers. He works more like a rabbit than a man. The corn is sown broadcast,

and when the crop is weeded at all it is weeded by the hand. The corn is cut with a small sickle. The wheat, now in ear, promises a magnificent yield.

The wants of the people seem to be very few, and if now we see their winter dress, which generally consists of a single garment—though many of the men at work wear only a loin cloth—they must be very lightly clad in summer. The faces and figures of the people often strikingly resemble those painted on the walls of tombs 3,000 years old. They have the same long eyes, square shoulders, and strong legs, and their colour is unchanged. Among them are Nubians, black as coal, but the Egyptian is chocolate; and fine anatomical studies he presents. All have magnificent teeth, which much smoking does not seem to harm. But then they are water-drinkers, and though some "advanced" Mohammedans transgress the Koran, you may look in vain among the evening crowds of a city for a drunken man. Talking seems to be the national recreation. Circles and little groups of men squat about with very dirty-looking long pipes and perpetual chatter. I have not seen the devotion I expected—very far from it—but some of the firemen of our steamer come up and say their prayers upon the deck at sunrise.

February 15.—We have just had service with our little party of English. The boat was passing under tomb-pierced cliffs while we sang the hymn "O God, our help in ages past." With what fresh truth did those familiar lines come:—

"A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;

\* \* \* \* \*  
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away."

Mohammed, our dragoman, told me afterwards that he had been listening round the corner, and, to prove it—an astonishing feat for one of these unmusical Arabs—hummed the well-known tune, out of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," which we had used and he had caught. I read the hymn to him, and he said, pointing up to the sky, "Good; very good."

Assouan, February 23, 1880.

This is the land's-end, or water's-end, of Egypt: the old Syene, counted once as the place whence the Nile flowed north into the Mediterranean and south into Africa. It was also reckoned as the spot where at the summer solstice the sun shone perpendicularly; and some old geographers calculated accordingly. I don't wonder. The heat this February day is tremendous, and swarms of Arab and Nubian brats come about one like flies, screaming—they suggest at a little distance the crisis of a successful school treat—"Baksheesh, Ahóí." There is often no supplication in this cry. The other day I was riding at the distance of some eighty yards past one of the native water-wheels, driven, after the fashion of a threshing-machine, by two oxen. A boy sat behind them with a goad, and as he came round every half-minute, like the

lamp of a revolving lighthouse, he flashed out the national petition. Even when the boat passes swiftly up the river, promiscuous imps upon the bank occasionally send forth the same cry. I believe that they would thus salute a balloon. Assouan is our turning-point, and we have set foot into Nubia, which lies beyond it, by means of a camel ride to the first cataract. It has been my first experience of a camel, and an arrival of fresh sensations. You sit down on a haycock, which rises, half at a time, into a stack. It is like riding on the roof of a small house, which comes to pieces when you have to get down. I had a very tall Nubian, as black as a coal, in a blue shirt and white turban, as my attendant. Wanting to stop, I said so. He then addressed a remark to my camel, who made a ponderous, slobbering groan, and began folding up his legs in unexpected places, till at last I found myself sitting on a saddle with my feet almost touching the ground. He subsided as if he purposed to go on sinking till he left only his head visible, like that of the sphinx.

The trot of a camel is prodigious; and as he moves both legs on the same side at the same time, it is something more and else than, say, the exaggerated procedure of a rough colossal dray-horse. After about half an hour of it, a German gentleman, who bumped so hopelessly along by my side that I thought his boots would come off, shouted out, as if he had been on the rack, that he could bear it no longer, and got down to proceed on an ass. But I soon found that by suitable management the pace was bearable enough. This early discovery was promising, since we have the prospect of a thirty days' camel ride in the desert.

On reaching the "cataract" we found this word wholly delusive. There is only a short rapid up which the native boats can sail at high Nile. Murray says that travellers are amused by seeing the Nubian boys shoot it on logs of wood. True, there were Nubian boys thus mounted who accompanied a cranky boat in which we rowed across for a nearer view of the place, like black mermaids—of course singing "Baksheesh, Ahóí," all the time—but the "shooting" business was done by our crew of men, who suddenly whipped off their shirts, within a few yards of us, and jumped into the water as bare as so many bronze Adams. It was not nice, especially as there were three or four English young ladies in our party. The colour of the skin is, however, supposed to make a difference. It was a poor business at the best. The performers soon scrambled out, and came shining back to ask for the eternal *douceur*.

Assouan is the "Beersheba" of Egypt, and its islands of Elephantine and Philæ are crowded with relics of the long past. The first of these is sheer jumbled rubbish smothered in bright yellow sand, the latter picturesque—a word rarely applicable to anything on the Nile—and studded with well-preserved, showy temples, where the worship of Osiris expired. We noticed what appeared to be an ancient stone Christian altar, 3 feet by 2 feet, lying in one of them. It was no doubt natural, but now, in an antiquarian sense, to be regretted, that the very early Christians who made Egypt a



home of their faith should have left so many other records of their zeal in the defacement of sculptures, especially in temples which they used for worship. You constantly see the faces, and sometimes figures, of the old gods and heroes which were within reach hacked out, apparently with pickaxes. Occasionally, however, they are only plastered over with clay, as if they had been pelted, as they were, with mud.

We have spent some time in riding about the Theban plain from one monument of the past to another. It is eight or nine miles across, the mountains receding on either side from the river which in the course of ages has left upon it a coat of Nile mud some six feet thick. This is now sown with wheat just coming into ear. The first glance of the site of the famous Thebes was disappointing. We climbed the Libyan, or African, range for a general view of the whole place, and it struck me that a careless eye might notice little or nothing to indicate the presence of the greatest ruins in the world. True, beneath us were the famous Colossi, of which the vocal Memnon is one, still with their huge arms upon their knees gazing, or rather grinning—for they are woefully defaced—over the scene of their ancient fame; but though more than fifty feet high, they looked no bigger than two hares sitting up in the middle of a green meadow. The patches of ruins too, once bright with colour, are now dull-brown, and hardly to be distinguished at a distance from mud Egyptian hamlets. It is when you enter and explore them that you begin to realise the vastness of the temples of which they are the relics, or mutilated survivors. For instance, the great temple at Karnak is more than 1,100 feet long, and has still standing in one of its halls a forest of 134 huge, perfect columns, some 60 feet in height. In another court is one of the obelisks with which it was equipped, once gilt and capped with solid gold, 92 feet high. The walls and pillars of this skeleton of magnificence are covered with graven life and hieroglyphic records.

The ancient Egyptians were the greatest chroniclers that the world has ever known. They covered every square foot of their buildings, inside and out, with picture-writing of the world and its life which was around them. And they did this before anything in the shape of a book had elsewhere been written. We were able, in some measure, to realise what this Karnak temple must have been by a visit to that at Edfou. This is only 450 feet long, but, barring its paint and the lofty wooden standard poles at its entrance, unchanged from what it was when built. It had been buried in sand and the rubbish of Arab huts, and was revealed by digging only some thirty years ago. Its columns and walls, within and without, are crowded with sculptures. Part is, as it was at first, open to the sky, and when we climbed one of its towers by 250 steps, and looked down upon the stone roofs or paved courts beneath us, it was easy to fancy that the temple might be used again, at once, for the old Egyptian rites. All around was the wretched village, showing no more architecture than martins'-nests or mole-heaps, but a wonderful foil to the grandeur of ancient Egypt.

To return to Thebes. We visited the temple where the colossal statue of the great Rameses—he was the Pharaoh who mightily oppressed the Hebrews—lies broken on its face. His was the largest statue of one stone in the world. As he sat there he looked over the city around him, and might have been seen miles away in that clear Egyptian air. I was, however, I think, most impressed by the Tombs of the Kings. You ride across the bright wheat-sown plain, and enter a stone ravine in the Libyan range. It is utterly barren, and glares in the sun. The green site of the city is left behind. You wind on and on, expecting at every corner to reach the head of the blasted cleft in these mountains which fringe the desert. But no. I wish I had counted how many turns we took; each revealed more profound desolation. At last we arrived at a sort of amphitheatre, or *cul de sac*, among the cliffs. Here lie "all the kings in glory, each one in his own house" (Isaiah xiv. 18). Hither were they brought from the life and magnificence of Thebes, with pomp and procession, and hid away. But what hiding-places are these! You enter the mouth of a tunnel in the face of the cliff, and after traversing it for hundreds of feet reach a succession of halls, in the last of which the royal sarcophagus was laid. Both these and the sides of the tunnels are covered with sculpture and painting, of which the colour in many places is still as fresh as it was thousands of years ago. All the old Egyptian daily, social, domestic, and religious life is here set forth. The idea was to surround the dead king with everything with which he had been most familiar, so that at his awakening nothing, so far, might be strange. There each king was laid in turn, in the sepulchre which he had prepared, or begun to prepare, while alive, and then the entrance to his tomb was built up that all might be undisturbed till the day of resurrection. But in no sarcophagus has the royal mummy been found. The sculptures in a hall in one of these chambers in Belzoni's Tomb, as it is called, from his having opened it, are not begun. They are only sketched, very boldly, in red lines. But this was done by some minor artist, for the chief decorator had corrected them in many places with a black pencil. One could imagine him going round and by torchlight looking critically at the rough sketch of his assistant, here and there stopping, and with a free sweep of his pencil giving the true curve to a limb or a feature. But the engraver never came. The king died, and there the simple corrected sketch has been left for some three thousand years.

We rode across the necropolis of Thebes on our return. It is underlaid with inglorious mummies. The Arabs had just dragged one out and thrown it in our path. They tore it in pieces, like dogs round a carcass, and offered its hands and grinning skull for sale. The place is full of holes where these ghouls have rifled the dead. But no one cares. No pains are apparently taken to preserve even the priceless chambers of the Kings. They are being smoked with the torches of explorers, and many are scored breast-high with the scrawlings of travellers and tourists. It must be



admitted, however, that some of these inscriptions have now the interest of antiquity, divers of the names being those of old Greeks and Romans, written one thousand five hundred or more years ago. Unfortunately this trick of travellers is "posted" up to the latest date, and though it is strange indeed to see the very handwriting of the torch-bearer of the Eleusinian mysteries who visited the spot, as he records, in the reign of Constantine, it is not touching to see also the autograph of a "gent" from Paddington added in the last month. What a curious phase of selfish inappreciation of these wonderful relics is indicated, when a man stares at a sculpture still fresh from the hand of the workman who may have wrought it before Abraham journeyed into Egypt, and then whips out his knife to spend the remainder of his visit in cutting his name upon the best preserved surface that he can find! A rascal was even chipping pieces off the vocal Memnon, as we passed, for some one to put in his pocket.

The condition of the Coptic Christians here makes one wish to know more about it. They are supposed to be the purest descendants of the



EGYPTIAN DRAGOMAN.

ancient Egyptians who were converted in the earliest ages of our faith. Outwardly they appear undistinguishable from the Arabs among whom they live and work. Several times, however, a child has drawn up the sleeve of its shirt to show the cross tattooed upon its arm. St. George seems a popular saint here. In one or two places he is respected even by Mohammedans, who tell their beads before his picture. A special mixture of sensations, indeed, arose in my mind on seeing

the familiar representation of the saint on horseback slaying the dragon in a St. George's very much in the East among temples adorned by a Pharaoh with sculptures of himself and Osiris. There was an attendant in the building—say a verger—in a turban and blue shirt, who came up to us with a plate, in which we laid a small offering.



COPT PRIEST.

I ought to have called on the rector. He is certain to be chocolate-coloured, and—dressed like his verger, with the sole addition of a pair of red slippers—to be in the habit of riding about on a donkey without a bridle or stirrups. Most probably he carries in his hand a long chibouque, and sits on his heels, with his knees up to his ears, when he smokes it at home. Talking with gravity of impressions which in some sense are unexpected, it is strangely striking, while looking through some graven list of victories in a temple crowded with records which, however interesting, touch no associations, to come upon a sculpture representing Shishak leading Jewish prisoners with cords and presenting them before Ammon. This is very vividly portrayed at Karnak, and gives a touching thrill of reality to these wonderful histories in stone. They are horribly real. Nothing can be more grim than the agony in the faces of some captives with their elbows tied tight together behind their backs, and the calm cruelty in the countenance of the conqueror who is engaged in slaying them.

## RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

BY REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED," ETC.

### I.



WE venture once more to address the readers of the "Leisure Hour," who have followed with manifest interest some papers on Schemes of Social Improvement and Utopian Experiments in the volumes for 1878 and 1879. On this occasion we propose to give a succinct account of another branch of the same European movement—a movement which has lately attracted in a remarkable degree the attention of the civilised world. In many respects Nihilism is only another form of Socialism, as, indeed, some of its early founders, such as Herzen and Bakunin, were not only influenced by Socialist writers, like Proudhon and Karl Marx, but made several attempts, not always successful, in affiliating the Nihilistic organisation with the International Society and other similar combinations of a social democratical character in Western Europe.

A precise definition of Nihilism it is impossible to give, nor is it necessary. All we have to do is to explain what it practically amounts to. Its object is to demolish all social institutions, to make a *tabula rasa* of existing society, to annihilate, as its name implies, all that is, without proposing to put anything in its place. Thus a wide gulf separates Nihilism from Socialism, although they are intimately related in other respects. They resemble each other in their origin and primary objects. Both are profoundly dissatisfied and disgusted with the existing order of things, and aim at the demolition of modern society. They differ only in the methods to be adopted for giving effect to their theoretical criticism\* and in the comprehensiveness of their respective schemes.

Socialism desires to effect a reorganisation of society on a given plan of its own; whereas Nihilism only attempts to destroy without any scheme for reconstruction. "We can only indicate," says one of them, "some of the things which must not be allowed to exist any longer, namely, the whole incubus of old prejudices and superannuated institutions—the so-called authorities of the Church, Society, Law, and the Army. Our generation has the vocation to begin this gigantic enterprise. We are nothing else but

labourers entrusted with the task to destroy the ancient edifice; we need not, therefore, trouble ourselves what shall be put in its place. Our task is to crush and to shatter whatever stands in the way of the new erection. What shall be destroyed? you ask me. All that we see, all that actually exists. I solemnly waive all the old prejudices. For me there is neither religion, nor State, nor family, nor property in the forms met with every day. It is all a heap of old lumber. . . . What will remain for the coming race? you ask further. An endless, immeasurable level plain, where there are no prejudices, authorities, nor vestige of servitude, but on which may be traced the plan of the new edifice. This is our bequest to the future generation. After us men will appear to cast up the ground, to build, to adorn with colour and gold; every one of them will have to do his duty when his time has come. As far as we are concerned, let us do *ours* . . . let us hurl down stone after stone of the shapeless wall of old prejudices, and when we shall have heard the last crash in the last lurking-place of authority, then we shall betake ourselves to rest amid the ruins, and cover ourselves with the holy Russian earth as with a vast winding-sheet, full of confidence, saying to our successors: 'Our task is accomplished.'

Such is the fanaticism of Nihilistic destructiveness.

There is an old proverb, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Out of nothing nothing can come." But this ancient dictum is one of those relics of past thought which the ardent reformers of the young Russian party affect to despise. They would be inclined, perhaps, to construe it thus: No good can come out of the existing order of things, not until our present social order has sunk into the pit of nothingness, to make room for a better society of the future. This may not be good logic, but it is Nihilism, and the Russian Nihilist only differs from the Western Socialist in this, that whereas the latter, too, is inclined to begin the work of demolition, he does so with a view of reconstruction, and comes prepared with a plan for that purpose. But our Nihilist, as his name implies, would annihilate all existing institutions root and branch, without providing any plans of social architecture in rebuilding the edifice of the society. With the passionate intensity peculiar to Russian temper, and the national tendency towards negative criticism, Nihilists, in the ugly rush against social abuses, have shown a preternatural eagerness for

\* Herzen points out how St. Simonism soon after 1830 took root in Moscow, because it suited the mystic propensities of that community, whilst Fourierism found a home in St. Petersburg, at once scientific and practical in its aspirations. Karl Marx's work is used in universities as a text-book, and popularised in Nihilistic romances.

destruction almost amounting to demoniacal frenzy. And in this respect Nihilism is the wildest excrescence of modern Socialism in Europe.

It may be asked how it is that Russians, who are a proverbially astute people, should be thus led astray into irrational modes of thought and action. To give a full answer to such a question we should have to trace back Nihilism to its primary sources, and follow its devious course up to the present day. This, manifestly, would be an impossible task in a short paper like this, which is intended as a sketch, not a full account of the movement. Among productive influences, naturally there are causes in the surroundings of the people, such as climatic asperities, and the dreary and monotonous aspects of scenery, which have produced a tendency to melancholy views of life, and which, in their turn, have impeded progress and civilisation. There are causes historically, such as the invasion of the Tartars, who ruled Russia for 150 years, to which may be attributed the Oriental forms of government which have survived up to the present hour; and to them have been added the still less palatable autocratic forms of Western officialism, against which the excesses of Nihilism have been mainly directed. There are causes socially, such as the existence of a Communistic institution, the *Mir*, which is a sort of agricultural co-operative association, in nearly every village of Russia, similar to those examples of Social pioneering which we have given in some papers of the "Leisure Hour" in 1879.\* There is this difference, however, that the *Mir* is an institution as old as the people themselves, and loved and revered accordingly, but, at the same time, in strange contrast with the later institutions of despotic rule, keeping up the spirit of liberty and equality in rural Russia. Politically the higher classes, dissatisfied with their present status, and inclined by temperament and education towards Utopian views of life, have been all along the main promoters of the Nihilist movement. And, lastly, the Tsars themselves have been "Imperial Nihilists" in bringing about sudden social revolutions in the constitution of the country, as in the case of Peter the Great introducing a foreign system of administration—the *bureaucracy*, and as, in the case of the present Emperor, in effecting the emancipation of the slaves, which has been termed a complete Social Revolution. Such spasmodic acts of State-Socialism have accustomed the people to rapid and violent changes in the Commonwealth, and have produced a sense of instability and feverish expectation from Government measures. Disappointment has followed, and with it much irritation among high and low, which has produced a general feeling of discontent throughout the country. This, in the absence of other organs of the expression for opinion, vents itself in the utterances of the Nihilistic propaganda.

For a long time the latter consisted in nothing else but a sort of drawing-room intellectual dissipation, such as was indulged in by the French

nobility and educated classes generally just before the outbreak of the Revolution. But the repressive measures of Nicholas, which stifled every attempt at liberating thought, or securing for the nation a voice in its own affairs, caused the pent-up passions of a very sensitive and excitable people to explode, so that in spite of the well-meant tentative reforms of Alexander II for the last twenty years, the reaction against Autocracy has been too strong for him, and has threatened more than once to inaugurate a reign of anarchy in its place.

Secret societies and conspiracies date back as far as 1848, more or less connected with the revolutionary movement then passing over Europe.\* In fact, secret societies existed even in the latter days of Alexander I. But Nihilism proper really begins with the predominance of the Nihilist creed of modern German philosophy. It manifests itself as Radicalism in politics, as Communism in its social aspect, as Atheism in its religious tendencies. From the first it has been a fierce protest against existing society; and the fearful abuses of power under Nicholas, the timid reformatory measures of his successor, and the chaos and contradiction of autocratic rule generally, have been its most potent support. The date of its first appearance coincides with the military collapse of Russia in the Crimean War, and the disappointment and death of the Iron Tsar. It received thus its baptism of blood, and the expiring Emperor was its real godfather. Its first representatives were Alexander Herzen and Michael Bakunin. These two men, at one time friends, became the actual leaders of militant Nihilism; they may be considered as the originators of a party of action which latterly has become the party of terror. Before them, Nihilism existed as a phase of thought, as a sentiment, and a speculative dream, which occupied, as we have said, the leisure of Russian ladies and gentlemen, as schemes of social reconstruction formed the subject of conversation in the *salons* of the nobles before the outbreak of the Revolution. The pen of Herzen and the fiery words of Bakunin formulated its theory, and made it a subject of popular agitation.

Both Herzen and Bakunin were men of noble blood, and the former was even a millionaire. They became voluntary exiles because their social amelioration schemes did not meet with the approbation of a paternal Government, and in exile devoted their powers of intellect, which were of a high order, and in the case of Herzen, their means, to the promotion of their schemes. They differ from each other in this respect: that Herzen is the more constructive, whilst Bakunin is the more destructive genius of the Nihilist movement. The former is calm, collected, logical, and practical, a believer in social evolution, like Karl Marx. The latter, on the contrary, was a wild and fierce spirit, possessed by the revolutionary idea, and urged onwards irresistibly by a demoniac force which bespeaks his Asiatic descent. In a long and eventful career of agita-

\* See "Leisure Hour" for 1879, pp. 516, 541, 618.

\* See "Leisure Hour" for 1878, p. 652.

tion we see him hurry on, step by step, to more violent anarchical excesses, until he is landed at last in what he terms himself the philosophy of Social Amorphism. It not only requires the destruction of the old society, but forbids the reconstruction of the new. Gifted with a Herculean physical strength, and an indomitable force of will, he was able to bear with unbroken endurance the hardships of imprisonment and the fatigues of ubiquitous agitation in organising the movement at home and abroad, and forming alliances with other secret societies in Europe.

The difference of temperament between the two men may best be described by calling them the Erasmus and Luther of the Nihilistic movement, respectively. The sparkling wit and unsparing sarcasm expressed in the clear, terse style of Herzen, his penetrating intellect and breadth of philosophic view, secured for him a large and influential hearing, and some of his pronouncements in the "Bell," published in London, produced at times serious agitation in the Kremlin. To its influence, in a great measure, may be ascribed the liberation of the serfs. The ardour of Nihilistic students was kindled by his stirring appeals, and what is best in Nihilism comes from Herzen. Only once in his career he breaks out in terms of fervid forcefulness as an anarchist, when disappointed by the result of the French Revolution of July he cries, "Long live the Chaos and Destruction. Let death reign, and make room for the future." Fifteen years' residence in this country, we are assured by his son, convinced him that great reforms can only be obtained *gradually*, as the masses are becoming penetrated with an intelligent sense of their need.

The doubtful honour of Nihilistic consistency belongs to Bakunin, who pursues the principle of absolute negation to its utmost logical conclusion, and whose terribly clear and candid confession of the Nihilistic creed, clear and biting, like the polar snows of his native land, have had no other effect but startling the world by its enormity, scaring the timid reformer by its audacity, and shocking all by its blasphemous iconoclasm. It has deprived the movement of the sympathy of the men of moderation, and its ill-judged fanaticism has produced most of those enormities of recent date with which we are all acquainted. As generally happens, the most extreme opinions are most readily accepted by the men of action, and the last stage of militant aggression bears the stamp of Bakunin's fierce nature in its paroxysm of passion and regicidal terrorism, the consequence of which is the total prostration of the Nihilistic party at the present moment. But we must not anticipate events. From 1873-76 the Nihilistic party has been specially active in disseminating periodicals, pamphlets, and popular appeals in every form. Nihilistic enthusiasts of rank and position, ladies of title, and the sons and daughters of official dignitaries, professional men and students of promise, professors eminent in their department, and others gifted with means and culture, have what is called "simplified" themselves, and entered the village, the workshop, the factory, as national teachers, country practitioners,

and common labourers, to approach the people for purposes of agitation, and to gain Nihilistic converts. The suspicion of the Government was aroused in the spring of 1877, and a State trial followed in which 50 persons were prosecuted. This was succeeded by a further prosecution of 193 in the autumn of the same year; but the effect of these trials was unfavourable to the Government. They became a public scandal, and the tribunal served the purposes of the Nihilistic propaganda.

In reading the official account of some of these trials, we have been struck with the dignified bearing of the prisoners in their defence, and the inability of the court to preserve respect for the dignity of the law, or to prevent the justice hall being turned into a meeting-house for the promulgation of Nihilistic views and sentiments. At the same time popular demonstrations in favour of the prisoners were organised in and out of court, and the Government officials, exasperated by them into acts of violence, were met with the mutinous cry, "Death to the Tzar, long live the Russian people, long live the Social Revolution." Presently, as the severity of the law was felt more acutely, active opposition on the part of the Nihilists became more pronounced, and the emissaries of authority and the emissaries of anarchy began to be regarded as the belligerents engaged in mortal combat.

Official spies and informers become the first victims of assassination in this warfare between the officials of the secret service of the Government and the Secret Executive Committee of the Nihilists. Placards on the walls or strips of paper attached to the dead bodies of the murdered persons, and even short notices in the secret organs of the party, announce the cause of their death to be a *punishment* for their treachery, and a warning to other "traitors." Now begins the season of sanguinary cruelty and reprisals. Shocking accounts of tortures and mutilations inflicted on State prisoners connected with the Nihilistic conspiracy reach the public ear. The order of General Trepow, the head of the St. Petersburg police, to have a prisoner (Bogoljubow) whipped for some trifling personal offence, is avenged by Vera Zassoulitsch, the "Charlotte Corday" of Russia, as some call her. Armed with a small pocket pistol she gains entrance to his presence and inflicts a deadly wound. She is tried for murder, but a jury acquit her in open court, and this verdict is declared by a famous European newspaper equal in importance to the taking of the Bastille. Certainly from it may be dated "the sanguinary era of Nihilism," as the sensational acquittal was accompanied by a street fight to ensure her final escape.

During the subsequent reign of terror severe executions of the law were followed by Nihilist attacks on official persons according to the *lex talionis* of uncivilised nations. Two thousand persons were put in prison in St. Petersburg alone in 1879, greater part of whom were banished to Siberia. Severe measures were adopted towards students of colleges and universities, but only succeeded in intensifying the ardour of scholastic *émeutes*. Political



offences were tried by court-martial, and many were condemned to death; a girl fourteen years old was banished, sixteen persons hanged in seven months. The immediate result was that a number of officers of the Third Section fell by the assassin's dagger or revolver, and the fires of incendiaries spread terror and dismay in country districts. Members of the Administration dared not appear without protection in such towns as St. Petersburg, Kiev, and Odessa. When they thus appeared jeers of derision met them in the public streets. The crisis reached its full height in the repeated attacks on the Emperor's life; whilst the mysterious Executive Committee put its sanguinary decrees on every wall of Russian towns, and deposited its threatening letters on the Emperor's study-table, like the unseen hand writing its "Mene Tekel Upharsin" on the wall.

This reign of terror is now happily over, but it would be a fatal error to suppose with the temporary collapse of militant Nihilism the spiritual potentialities of the movement have been finally conquered. "Intimidating the friends of anarchy" is one thing, removing the causes of social anarchy is another. To know how this may be done we must give briefly the demands of Nihilism, but not, as the manner of some is, in a distorted caricature of the Nihilist demands by quoting the words of Bakunin. For he is now universally disowned by his own party. We would rather give a comparative view of the less advanced creed of the Opportunists, of the more thorough-going scheme of the Intransigentes, and last of all the salient points of the latest programme, which endeavours to represent both, drawn from official statements.

The moderate party demand, along with the abolition of the remaining feudalities and the introduction of a liberal constitution, complete amnesty for all political offences, suppression of the secret police and inviolability of the sacredness of the home, liberty of the press and education, and freedom of speech, religious equality, autonomy of towns, communes, and provinces, the control of public functionaries by provincial councils, the appointment of a commission to inquire into the economic and social condition of the people, the foundation of a chair in social science in universities, reduction of the war budget, and the formation of a new ministry for the encouragement and aid of co-operative associations in agriculture and manufactures, in order to develop the resources of the country.

The extreme party postulate the entire subversion of existing society; its theory is purely negative. No more monarchy, no more established religions; no more property in land, which is to be free for all as the air, since all have an equal claim to bodily sustenance; no more armies and civil administrations. Kings, soldiers, priests, and judges, the rich and privileged classes, are enemies of the commonwealth, and as such condemned to extermination. Every imperial functionary hostile to these designs is doomed to die the death. The last proclamation of the Executive Committee sums up these demands under the following heads:—Representative democratic forms of government

permanent parliaments with executive power, extension of self-government in the provinces, complete autonomy of rural communes, possession of the land by the people, conversion of industrial enterprise into co-operative associations, reduction of the army to a militia, liberty of the press and combination.

In this last manifesto of Nihilism we observe a decided tendency towards moderate and positive proposals. Representative government and a free press, co-operation aided by the State, local self-government and reduction of the war-tax, are not unreasonable demands, nor is their reasonableness less worthy of respect because possibly their fulfilment may be only regarded by the party as the starting-point of a new revolutionary era, or because constitutional rights obtained would be turned into parliamentary instruments for the subversion of society. On the other hand, the demand for permanent parliaments with executive power, and complete autonomy of the rural communes, suggesting as they do an ominous resemblance to the Constituent Assembly of the French Republic and the establishment of the Commune in 1870, bear a far less suspicious character, specially if we take note of the methods suggested for obtaining these ends. These are: Active propaganda among the people and protests against social abuses; terrorising and destructive warfare with the Government officials with a view to undermine authority; the organisation of secret societies with central power to direct them; attempts to be made in order to secure for members of the movement high and influential posts in the imperial services, and an entrance into society and among the people; finally the carrying on of secret machinations and public participation in the elections with a view to carry out the revolutionary programme.

Such are the principles and methods suggested by the representatives of Nihilism. It remains to be seen what is the present attitude of Russian society towards the movement, and what are the measures to be adopted to satisfy the moderate advocates of reform to the discomfiture of the fomentors of revolution. It must be acknowledged that the revolutionary party is being constantly reinforced by new recruits from every grade of society. Aristocrats who have become its representatives in the world of fashion, seasoning their highbred dissipation with socialistic conspiracy; broken-down country gentlemen in a hopeless state of insolvency, sighing for deliverance from embarrassment, and not very particular whence the deliverance is to come; merchants, like the citizens of mediæval towns emerging from feudalism, and hailing a revolution which promises to give them social status; peasants averse to labour and brutalised by intemperance; religious dissenters and others seeking for an opportunity to avenge the petty oppression of intolerance; political malcontents, European and Asiatic, eager to fish in muddy waters; and that mixed multitude of all sorts and conditions of men, described briefly by a Russian prince as those "who have nothing in their heads, and those who have nothing in their pockets;"—all these readily accept a programme for the radical subversion of society.



## A Lullaby.

Words by SARAH DOUDNEY.

Music by JOSEPH BARNBY.

VOICE. *Rather Slow.*

*p*

Sleep, ha - by, sleep, while the love - ly light Shines  
My bird - ie goes to her own . . warm nest, With

PIANO. *p*

$\text{♩} = 80.$

*pp* *cres.* *f*

still through the dark old firs; . . The birds sleep sound in their nest . . all night, And  
ne - ver a thought of fear; . . God's an - gel watch - es my dar - ling's rest, And

*pp* *cres.* *f*

*p*

on - ly the wild wind stirs. Far o'er the hills and far a - way, The  
mo - ther is al - ways near. Sil - ver flow'rs in the pur - ple sky Are

*p*

*dim.* *pp* *3*

earth is los - ing its gold, And sheep-bells chimethro' the twi - light grey, While the  
blos - som - ing one by one; Sleep, ba - by, sleep to my lul - la - by, And

*dim.* *pp*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

1st verse. *cres.*

flocks come home to fold, the flocks come home to fold.

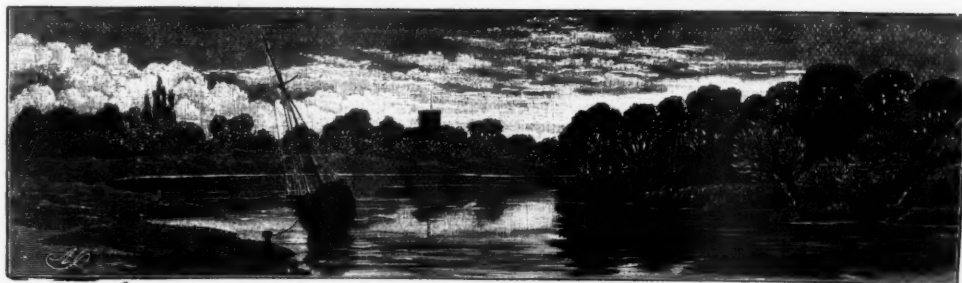
*cres.* *dim.*

2nd verse. *cres.* *f*

wake with the morning sun, And wake with the morn - ing sun.

*cres.* *f*

*Ped.* \*





[A. M. Rossi.]

THE FIRSTBORN.



## CURIOSITIES OF CRIMINAL LAW.

## II.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



THE value of circumstantial evidence is indisputable. A number of silent facts surrounding an occurrence, and all pointing to one individual, are often worth more than any direct evidence, for facts do not lie, and statements frequently do. Nevertheless, it may be a question what are facts and what are not; and when the observer had no assistance from microscope, chemistry, and the other applied sciences, very great mistakes were sometimes made. From this cause circumstantial evidence obtained popularly a bad name, which has not yet been entirely got rid of; while it must also be admitted that the most remarkable coincidence of adverse circumstances has sometimes been found to be consistent with innocence.

In 1830 a murder was committed in Islington of a peculiarly atrocious character, and the body of the victim, covered with wounds, and drained of almost every drop of blood, was discovered lying in a ditch, about a quarter of a mile from the house of a man who was known to have a particular disfavour to him. This man was subsequently arrested and charged with the crime. There was absolutely *no* evidence against him; but, upon examination of his abode, a sack was discovered rolled up in a corner of a cellar, literally stiff with blood (as it was considered to be). On the back of a working jacket—proved to belong to the prisoner—were dark-red stains; and the theory of the prosecution was, that the deceased had been stabbed by the prisoner, placed in the sack, and carried on his back to the spot where the body was afterwards discovered. Upon this evidence, so strong it seemed, the prisoner would most likely have been convicted and executed; but at the last moment a chemist stepped forward who had analysed the colouring matter on the sack and jacket, and who unhesitatingly declared it to be *red oxide of iron*, a large quantity of which the prisoner had in his possession for use in his business as a house-painter! This one "circumstance" falling through, the other evidence was felt to be too weak for a conviction, and the prisoner was acquitted, the real offender being afterwards discovered.

So recently as 1873 a family of four persons were very nearly convicted of murder at the winter assizes for Durham on a like piece of evidence. A drunken tramp had entered a house of notoriously bad character at Gateshead, and his dead body was discovered next morning lying outside the house, the death having been probably caused by some strong sharp instrument which had been thrust into the corner of the eye, and had penetrated

deeply into the brain. The question was, How had this wound been inflicted, and by whom? The prisoners undoubtedly occupied the room in which the deceased had been lying, and in this room was discovered a table smeared with blood, and a large, strong, pointed pair of scissors, almost covered with blood. The inference was irresistible—the wretched, drunken tramp had been laid and held down on the table, and the pointed scissors had been forcibly "jobbed" into his eyes. This was the theory laid before the jury by the prosecution, and a conviction seemed probable. One of the prisoners, however, a female, interrupted the proceedings by declaring that both the blood on the table and that on the scissors was the blood of a large fish which she had skinned and cleaned on the previous day. This explanation seemed improbable enough, but as the trial would undoubtedly last over the day, and there was plenty of time to test its truth, the judge directed the blood on the table and on the scissors to be carefully examined by a celebrated microscopic expert, who subsequently gave evidence that the whole of the blood was fish's blood (the corpuscles of the blood of a fish being, under a high magnifying power, totally different in size and shape from those of a mammal), and none of it human! Here, as in the last case, the subsidiary evidence was too weak to convict the prisoners.

We remember a trial some years since at Chelmsford in which the microscope gave remarkable evidence as to the guilt of the accused, and also furnished a singular illustration of the power of that instrument in detecting truth from falsehood. The accused was a woman, indicted for murdering her daughter of twelve. She had been seen leaving home with her child in the morning, and had also been seen to return home *alone* in the afternoon. In answer to inquiries, she stated that her child went blackberrying in the woods, and that she had lost her. The next day the body of the poor girl was discovered lying in a bush, with a large gash across her throat, which had destroyed life. Suspicion of course fell on the mother, but nothing appeared to warrant it. In her pocket was found a knife, which was submitted to most careful examination, it being taken to pieces for the purpose; between the horn plates of the handle and the steel linings were found a few drops of blood, and a few *hairs*. The woman while in prison, apparently suspecting that something might be found on the knife, told the warden that after losing her daughter she had "caught a rabbit and killed it with her knife," and that if any hair

or blood was found it was the rabbit's. Dr. Alfred Taylor, the very clever and acute microscopist, however, on examination, positively swore, not only that the blood was human blood, but that the hair was *squirrel's* hair; and round the throat of the murdered child was a "victorine" of *squirrel's* hair, which had been partly cut in the deadly scuffle. The prisoner was executed after a full confession of her guilt.

In one case of murder tried at Hereford, the strong circumstantial evidence was that the woman had been partially robbed, and in her pocket were found twenty or thirty postage stamps, hastily torn off another portion of a sheet, while in the prisoner's pocket was found the other portion of the sheet, the two parts not only corresponding along the torn margin, but also as to the letters placed in the corners of each stamp.

In a similar case at Norwich, the wadding of the prisoner's gun had been partially blown with the bullet into the body of the deceased, and was uninjured, and on being carefully spread out, it was found to correspond with, and undoubtedly form part of, a torn newspaper in the prisoner's pocket, and was the chief means of bringing home his guilt.

One other case only we will mention of curious "identification." The incumbent and churchwardens of a certain parish in Somersetshire were charged before the magistrates, and afterwards "presented" before the grand jury at the Taunton Assizes, for stealing the leaden coffins from under an ancient church in their custody. The evidence was long and very extraordinary, showing generally that the reverend defendant and his assistants

had long been in the habit of raising the old coffins from the vault under the church, of battering them in, and of selling the lead to the plumbers round. They had, however, always been most careful to guard against any possible recognition of the coffins by removing and secreting or destroying the name-plates. One of their customers, the plumbers, eventually gave information of the "little game" that was being played, and the three delinquents were given into custody. Great difficulty was found in identifying any one of the coffins, but at length a very ancient undertaker was discovered, who positively swore to one of them being that of a certain admiral. He said he knew it from a circular blot of solder in the centre of the head of the coffin, which he knew to be his workmanship. His story was that the admiral had died suddenly, and that it became necessary to solder down the coffin before his relatives could arrive for the funeral; that, upon their arrival, a daughter of the deceased much wished for a lock of the old man's hair, and that he, being one of the plumbers employed, had bored a hole through the head of the coffin, and, knowing that the old admiral always wore a pigtail, and was buried with it intact, drew that adornment out through the hole with a wire hook, and cut it off for the daughter, afterwards closing the hole with the patch of solder, by which he identified the coffin.

It is unsatisfactory to be obliged to state that, owing to a legal technicality, the indictment in this case was ignored by the grand jury, and that the county of Somerset was consequently deprived of an interesting and exciting criminal trial.

## SPIRITUALISM.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.

### II.—SPIRIT-RAPPING.



THIS explanation of the illusion to which the sense of hearing is subject, leads me to one of the most common of the "manifestations"—spirit-rapping, one in which the spiritists themselves delight, and one which few people have understood, chiefly because they will not take a natural and reasonable mode of investigation. The *séance* of raps is almost too well known to need description. It was, indeed, the first trick which its performers attributed to the influence of spirits, and by its aid the first "spirit-communications" were made. Its history, which is full of interest, will make a long chapter in the history of delusion, but it is rather extended for full notice here. The Fox sisters, of Hydeville, New York, were the first to introduce it, some twenty-seven years ago, and

since then it has been performed by numberless mediums all over the world. Old as it is, it is still one of the most successful of the whole stock-in-trade of the miracle-workers. And, still more remarkable, one of the Fox sisters, now Mrs. Fox Kane, widow of the famous Arctic explorer, is still the most prominent exponent of the profitable art. I will first try to describe the usual course of procedure at a spirit-rapping *séance*.

Raps can be produced by mechanical means, or with the aid of electric wires, but I do not wish it to be understood that these are generally employed. Indeed, only a stupid medium would adopt such a plan, because his machinery might get out of order at a critical moment, and the agent of spirit land would feel confused. They can be produced in any room and on a table, floor, wainscot, or door, or, indeed, any place

where a good sounding surface can be obtained. This condition is indispensable, strangely enough, considering that the sounds are supposed to be caused by beings who are not subject to the laws of the lower world. But it is true, and even Mrs. Fox Kane herself, if placed upon a sofa, or surrounded by non-conducting cushions, would find herself quite unable to "control the spirits," or to be the medium of a solitary rap.

The conditions under which raps are caused are usually these:—The circle of investigators surrounds a table, at which the medium is also seated, and one end of which he generally monopolises. The fingers of all are now placed upon the table, touching each those of the next person, and so forming a kind of circle. Scoffers say that those who are most prone to a plenary belief are generally seated nearest to the medium. Very often proceedings are opened by the singing of a hymn, for the purpose of "harmonising the conditions," and while the party is thus engaged, a series of distinct knocks is heard, apparently on the table. This is understood to signify that there are spirits, and further raps are codified thus: One, "no;" two, "don't know;" and three, "yes." A large alphabet lies upon the table, and words are rapped out by its aid, in answer to questions which these three words will not answer.

To add realism to the scene the members of the party are frequently asked to change places, in order to make the "conditions" convenient for the spirits, who are apparently great sticklers for detail. Those around are asked to write the names of departed friends upon pieces of paper, and raps when these are pointed to indicate which spirit is supposed to communicate. The answers given are either chosen at random, or are cunningly framed from information which the visitor unwittingly betrays to the medium. When the answers are irrelevant, or when no answers come at all, the questioner is reminded that no control over the spirits is assumed. One condition, too, of the questioning, is so remarkable for its *naïveté*, that it is worth giving. All are cautioned against trying to entrap the spirits by strange questions, because there are lying spirits about who, for pure fun, or worse ends, will mislead the irreverent. The irresponsibility of the medium is his sheet-anchor. If no answer comes, he cannot compel replies; if a foolish or irrelevant or impudent answer is given, it only implies that the questioner is not animated by a desire for truth. This little arrangement simplifies matters for the medium very greatly. When the table-rapping becomes monotonous the medium undertakes to prove his good faith by producing raps upon the door, which he does by apparently pressing the tips of his fingers gently against it. This is all that really happens, but it is all interwoven with mystifying sentences, indicating, among other things, the extremely familiar relations which exist between the medium and the spirit-world!

Rapping is frequently produced by the snapping of one or other of the joints, generally those of the knees or ankles. Every one is familiar with the sound produced by the half dislocation of the

fingers which some people produce with great ease, by a simply lateral motion of the other hand. Others, however, have naturally the faculty of producing the same effect without the contact of the two hands, and this is a power that can be acquired by any one who begins early enough in life, and devotes sufficient time to the practice.

Rapping with the fingers is a very useful accomplishment to the spiritualist, but it is open to certain disadvantages. It is difficult, for instance, to conceal the fact that the action is voluntary even if the actual motion be not liable to detection. The elbow-joint is sometimes made to snap by a lateral displacement of the large muscle, and this produces a good effect upon a table or against a door, but it is just a little clumsy. In most cases the joints of the lower limbs are made to serve this deceitful purpose. They are concealed from view—generally under a table—and it is easy in this case to have always a good point of resistance to give force to the "snap" in the form of the other foot, and a capital sounding-board in the floor on which the heel rests. The following is a detailed description of the movements made in the operation of rapping with the knee-joint, for the wording of which I am indebted to an American medical professor. Owing to a relaxation of the ligaments by means of muscular action and pressure of the lower extremity against a point of resistance, the large bone of the leg (the tibia) is moved laterally upon the lower surface of the thigh-bone (the femur), giving rise, in fact, to partial lateral dislocation. This is effected by an act of the will without any obvious movement of the limb, occasioning a loud noise. The intensity of the sound may be varied in proportion to the force of the muscular contraction, and this will render the apparent source of rappings more or less distinct. The necessary relaxation of the ligaments of the knee can be acquired by hard practice, and the conformation of the knee will be found to yield easily to the production of noises sufficient to convince any spiritualist of the producer's claims to rank as a medium if he has the requisite amount of confidence and of stock phrases. The strength of the ligaments in this wonderfully-protected joint prevents any likelihood of a real dislocation or of permanent injury to the limb.

Many spiritualists produce raps by the displacement of a tendon in the ankle, which is naturally, or by practice, abnormally loose, and the sound, although not the same in volume, is of the same character as in the former case. If the reader prefers a scientific explanation of this performance, it may be given thus. There is a tendon in the ankle-joint called the *peroneus longus*, which is made to move rapidly backwards and forwards over the malleolar protuberance of the foot, giving rise to a snapping sound, which is developed by the substance upon which the foot rests.

A simpler plan for raps is to draw up the toes and smartly rap them against the sole of a somewhat loose shoe. Others again, who are exceptionally loose-jointed, can produce raps with any joint in their bodies, and they of course are to some extent proof against detection, since they can keep on

rapping although they assume different attitudes. Mediums, like conjurors, generally have the faculty of using the first joints of their fingers as fully developed as the others, and, as far as may be, of using their separate joints and their individual limbs without communicating any motion to the others, little powers which require a great deal of practice but which almost any one can acquire. Few do learn these arts, because few desire, fortunately, to live upon the credulity of their fellow-men.

This explanation of raps shows one reason why women are so often selected for assistants by professional spiritualists, and so often themselves take up the imposture. Their joints are generally more supple, and their dress is well adapted for hiding any involuntary motion which might betray the muscular action by which raps are produced. The explanation has been contested, but in the presence of medical witnesses it has been proved that when the limbs of a medium were so secured that these muscular actions could not take place there were no manifestations, and that the prevention of contact with the floor, or any sounding surface, as effectually made the spirits mute. The conclusion, therefore, is that the theory is perfectly correct, and that the spiritualists cannot invent any other method of producing the raps.

As I said before, it is impossible to judge accurately of the direction of sound, as is illustrated by the clicking of the coins. Another illustration is supplied by the old harp experiment of Professor Wheatstone in the Polytechnic. The harps were placed upon the stage, and it appeared that they were played by invisible fingers—as Artemus Ward phrased it, by “concealed banditti.” As is well known, the sound was conveyed by rods leading to the place some forty feet off, where the musicians were. A still better example is that of an automaton playing a cornet, everybody imagining that the sound comes from the figure, whereas in reality it comes from a musician who is concealed some distance from the automaton, and with which he may be kept in communication by a tube, or other means.

I would remark in connection with this, as in all other spiritualistic tricks, upon the great part that is played by the subjective influence, so to speak, of the experiment. The visitor is himself unconsciously the principal agent in his own deception, because, unknown to himself, he is led, by the confident manner of the medium and his own belief that *some* manifestation will be given, to accept as a display of extraordinary power what,

under other conditions, or when described by another, he would have scouted as ridiculous imposture. As Professor Tait, of Edinburgh, remarks of “mind reading,” it is the dupe himself who contributes most eagerly to his own befoolment.

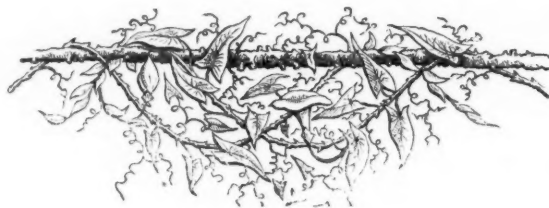
A little incident of my experience with the famous lady medium to whom I have referred illustrates the mistakes into which these people fall, and answers the objection often made, that unless they were working on some basis of truth they must needs be exposed in the majority of cases. Accompanied by a well-known physician whose “speciality” is the treatment of mental disease, and by a Presbyterian clergyman, I visited her house in London and requested a *séance*. The lady consented, and we had some raps from the “spirits.” My friends and I then wrote some questions, to which generally random replies were given through the agency of raps. A celebrated personage, a nobleman, had died in the city a short time previously, and my friend the doctor asked whether this personage had died in London. The question was a simple one, and a very commonplace spirit might have been supposed to give an answer direct. One rap, signifying “No,” followed the question. My friend then asked—

“Did he die in Paris?”—three raps (“Yes”).

“Did he die in Brussels?”—two raps (“Don’t know”).

“Did he die at all?”—one rap (“No”).

We considered this information hazy—not to say misleading—and we desired to communicate direct, as invited, with some departed spirit. In order to find whether the obliging ghosts were at liberty to hold communion with us, I wrote down some names of “departed spirits” on a sheet of paper, and their presence was to be indicated as the names were pointed to. One of the names was selected, and I asked whether the spirit was present, and received a distinct affirmative. I then pointed out to Mrs. Fox Kane that the name of the spirit on my paper was “Scotch Whisky,” and expressed a wish to have it “materialised.” This might have been considered disconcerting by a young beginner in spiritual lore, but the prompt reply was just what I have indicated above. When any one attempted to throw ridicule on the spirits, we were told the probability was that a “lying spirit” would answer the inquirer according to his folly, so to speak. This plausible reply hardly satisfied us, however, as to the accuracy of the means of information possessed by the disembodied creatures who obeyed that medium’s call.





## Varieties.

**Irish Tenant Right in 1772.**—Disturbances about tenant right have not been confined to Catholic parts of Ireland. One of the most dangerous insurrections of last century, in 1772, was in Antrim. An estate belonging to the absentee Marquis of Donegal was proposed, on the expiring of the leases, to be let only to those who could pay large fines, or to new tenants. Most of the old tenants, neither able to pay the fines nor the advanced rents, were ejected. They maimed the cattle of those who occupied the farms, and committed many outrages, banding together under the name of Hearts of Steel. One of their number being confined in Belfast, under a charge of felony, was forcibly rescued, the officers of the military guard being persuaded to give up the prisoner to prevent a serious fight. The association of the Steelmen spread into the neighbouring counties, and gained formidable strength by the accession of the peasantry, who sided with the tenants. Some prisoners, tried at Carrickfergus, were acquitted by the partiality of the witnesses and jury. An Act of Parliament was passed, ordering the trials to take place in counties different from those where the offences were committed. Some were taken to Dublin, but were there acquitted, public opinion resisting an Act which was declared to be unconstitutional. The Act was repealed, and further outrages occurring, several were tried in their own counties, condemned, and executed. The insurrection was suppressed, but the discontent was so deep that at that time many thousands of Protestants emigrated to America, and took a prominent part in the war which separated the colonies from the British Empire.—*Ireland in 1872.*

**The Death of Wilkie.**—Wilkie, when he first arrived in London, was a delicate youth, and in his early student days at the Royal Academy has been described as a "tall, pale, thin Scotchman." All through his life the patient, plodding painter suffered from maladies which baffled the acumen of his physicians, often seriously hindered him in his labours, and at last carried him off while in the full possession of his artistic powers, at the age of fifty-six. He had long entertained an ambition to study in the East; and in the autumn of 1840 he started for the Continent, intending to visit some of the great art centres on the way thither. He painted for several months in Constantinople; and on February 27th, 1841, was gratified by the first view of Jerusalem, a city which he had long wished to visit, his idea being evidently to paint a number of Scriptural subjects, with local colouring and correctness of detail. One of his latest biographers, Dr. A. L. Simpson, says, "It is stated by his friend Collins, that when he went to bid him farewell, a day or two before he left home for this his last journey, he found him in high spirits, enlarging with all his early enthusiasm on the immense advantage he might derive from painting in the Holy Land, on the very ground on which the events he was to embody had actually occurred. Collins asked him, on the occasion, if he had any guide-book, when he answered 'Yes, and the very best'; and then, unlocking his carpet-bag, he showed him a pocket-Bible. Mr. Collins adds, 'I never saw him again; but the Bible, throughout Judea, was, I am assured, his best and only guide-book.'"

On the 7th of April, 1841, Wilkie left Jerusalem, and after a stormy passage reached Alexandria, where the renowned Pasha, Mehemet Ali, engaged him to paint his portrait. Towards the end of May Wilkie wrote cheerfully to his sister from on board the steamship *Oriental*, sending his letter overland *via* Marseilles, while he continued the voyage through the Mediterranean. On the 27th he recorded in his carefully-kept journal his desire that the illustrators and commentators on Scripture "should be acquainted with the country whose history and aspect they profess to teach." These were the last words he wrote. While at Malta he had been slightly unwell—it is said from indulging too freely in fruit and bad lemonade—but no serious consequences were anticipated, and on the evening of the 31st he appeared on deck as usual, and

seemed to have recovered. When the ship's surgeon, however, early next morning, went to visit him in his cabin, he was found incoherent in speech, with rapid pulse and great prostration. He never rallied after this, although every possible remedy was tried, but continued gradually sinking till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when he expired without a struggle. The ship, which was in Gibraltar Bay at the time of his death, immediately put back to the town, but the authorities refused to allow the body to be landed, on account of quarantine regulations. So the ship's carpenter made a coffin, and at half-past eight in the evening, as the log-book of the steamer records, the engines were stopped, and the body of David Wilkie was committed to the deep, the burial-service being read by a clergyman on board. A burial at sea is always a sad and impressive event, and that of this great artist was particularly so. When the news of his death reached England, 225 artists signed a letter of condolence to his brother and sister. Sir Robert Peel presided at a meeting which voted a statue to his honour, and there was a genuine feeling of regret throughout the kingdom, as he was pre-eminently the favourite painter of the people. Leslie, his intimate friend, testified, "I had no reason ever to alter the opinion I first formed of him, that he was a truly great artist and a truly good man." In the exhibition of the Royal Academy following his death, a drawing by Jones, showing the deck of the vessel, as described to him by persons present, at the time that Wilkie's body was lowered into the sea, and Turner's great picture, "Peace—Burial at Sea" (see p. 77), in which every tone and tint is attuned to a funeral key, were both on view.

**George III.'s Favourite Daughter.**—A lady who was in the habit of close attendance, during her last illness, on the Princess Amelia, whose faithful servant, Mary Gascoigne, is mentioned in a previous page, has described some of the latter interviews which took place with her old blind father, George III., as being singularly affecting. "My dear child," said his Majesty to her, on one of these occasions, "you have ever been a good child to your parents; we have nothing wherewith to reproach you; but I need not tell you that it is not of yourself alone that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer." "I know it," replied the princess, mildly, but emphatically, "and I could wish for no better trust."

**Sheriff of Stornoway.**—This may not be the correct legal title, but the port of Stornoway is more familiar to us in the south than the name of the remote Hebridean island of which it is the capital. Whether the island has a name is not clear, the largest northern part being called Lewis, reckoned as belonging to Ross-shire, and the southern part, Harris, belonging to Inverness. It seems that "The Lewis," with other officials, has a sheriff, whose magisterial and judicial functions must be no sinecure, as there is a large population and extensive fisheries. On the recent appointment of a well-known Edinburgh advocate, Mr. John Black, he was entertained by his personal and professional friends at a farewell dinner. The Lord Advocate, the Dean of Faculty, and several brother sheriffs were among the large company, and their speeches, as reported in the Scottish papers, show that it was no ordinary man who was leaving Edinburgh for his distant jurisdiction. This farewell banquet was altogether a curious bit of Scottish life. The sheriff of Caithness responded for the navy, having been humorously called upon as Admiral of the North Sea, his jurisdiction extending from the Moray Firth to the North Pole, the seas where the old Norsemen roved. The sheriff of Inverness recalled Dr. Johnson's saying, when in an island far less remote: "We were in a strange abstraction from the world; we could neither write to our friends, nor could our friends write to us." We hope it is not so bad now in Lewis, and that there is a post to Stornoway, however irregular it

may be. The visits to the mainland could be few and far between, and the Dean of Faculty said that if the sheriff took the new Encyclopædia Britannica with him he would have leisure to digest it before returning to astound his friends with his knowledge. He was sorry to part with one who was a sound lawyer, and a genial, honourable gentleman. That this tribute of friendship was justly due, we can gather from Mr. Black's speech, which ended with words worthy of being adopted by any of us:

I live for those that love me,  
For those that know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my coming, too.  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
For the good that I can do.

**Royal Society Honours.**—At the opening meeting of this year's session of the Royal Society, the medals were presented as follows:—The Copley Medal to Professor James Joseph Sylvester, F.R.S., for his long-continued investigations and discoveries in mathematics; a Royal Medal to Professor Lister, F.R.S., of King's College, for his contributions on various physiological and biological subjects published in the "Philosophical Transactions and Proceedings of the Royal Society," and for his labours, practical and theoretical, on questions relating to the antiseptic system of treatment in surgery; a Royal Medal to Captain Andrew Noble, F.R.S., for his researches into the action of explosives, his invention of the chronoscope, and other mathematical and physical inquiries; the Rumford Medal to Dr. William Huggins, F.R.S., for his researches in astronomical spectroscopy; the Davy Medal to Professor Charles Friedel, of Paris, for his researches on the organic compounds of silicon and other investigations.

**Work for the Great Eastern.**—The Great Eastern steamship has been chartered for ten years to carry dead meat to the United Kingdom from the American seaboard or the River Plata. It is calculated that from Texas or the Argentine Provinces beef of prime quality can be laid down in England at 3d. per lb. The promoters of this bold scheme intend to slaughter the cattle on board the great ship as received from day to day, and for this purpose they have secured the services of trained butchers from the slaughter-houses of Chicago. The dressed meat will be stored in refrigerators, and it is estimated that 10,000 to 15,000 carcasses of beef, all hung—equal to 3,000 or 4,000 tons of meat—will be shipped each voyage. The result of this enterprise, if successful, will have a far wider bearing than appears at first sight. It will be watched with much interest by the public, no doubt, for, notwithstanding the large imports of fresh meat we are receiving, retail prices still rule very high. But it will also break down that "ring," which, while reaping immense profits, keeps almost at famine prices one of the first food requisites of the people.—*Iron.*

**The Photophone.**—Professor Graham Bell explained to a crowded gathering at the Society of Arts his wonderful invention the photophone. This new instrument, as has already been made known, reproduces sounds and articulate speech in distant places, by the agency of a beam of light. But Professor Bell also interested his audience in the discovery he and his associate in his experiments at Washington, Mr. Sumner Taintor, had made, that light may not only be made to convey sounds, but actually to produce them by its action upon most, if not all known substances. The reproduction of the voice by light is managed in this way. The speaker's voice is directed through a tube against the back of a looking-glass of extremely thin material—microscopic glass, silvered. A beam of light is thrown on the front of the glass. The thin glass vibrating in response to the speaker's voice, assumes alternately convex and concave forms, and thus scatters or condenses the light. The beam of light, thus varying in intensity according to the sounds acting upon it, is received at the other end in a parabolic reflector. What follows is due to the ingenuity and labour of Professor Bell and his colleague in their endeavours to make the most of Mr. Willoughby Smith's discovery that the resistance of selenium to the passage of an electric current is reduced by

the action of light. They have matured an arrangement in connection with their light-receiver by which the sensitiveness of the selenium is wonderfully developed. When the varying beam of light falls on the selenium, an electrical disturbance is produced similar to that which is conveyed by wire in the ordinary telephone, and the vibrations of the speaker's voice are then accurately reproduced in an ordinary telephone receiver. In the course of their experiments it occurred to Professor Bell and Mr. Sumner Taintor that if a molecular vibration or disturbance produced in a rod of iron by the magnetising influence of an intermittent electrical current sent round it could be observed as sound by placing the ear in direct contact with the rod of iron, it was probable that a molecular disturbance of any kind, however produced, could be heard in like manner. They therefore directed an intermittent beam of light on the selenium through holes in a rotatory disc, and discovered that sound was emitted. The interposition of the hand stopped the sound; but to their surprise a piece of hard rubber which chance led them to interpose did not entirely stop it. They then found that the intermittent light directed on the rubber alone produced sound, and subsequently all the substances they tried in the shape of thin diaphragms, including even paper, emitted musical sounds under the action of the intermittent beam of light.

**Sectarianism Silenced by Sacred Associations.**—Dean Stanley, at a public meeting, in referring to sectarian feeling, made a happy use of a historical incident in the House of Commons. A line of Virgil which was quoted by Mr. Fox in the House of Commons shortly after the death of Mr. Pitt, in order to extinguish any possible rising of party animosity on that occasion, was apposite. It was an untranslatable line—

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

But he would venture to add a paraphrase by a distinguished young poet:—

"Tears waken tears, and honour honour brings,  
And mortal hearts are touched by mortal things."

Now, that was the feeling deeply rooted, not only in Christian, but in human nature, which made him believe that any rise of sectarian feeling in the most sacred and serious moments of our existence was in the highest degree improbable; and he would also venture to say that, looking over the whole course of history, and looking at times when these serious moments occurred, there, also, the same extinction of sectarian feeling and the same rising to the surface of all the best and most Christian feeling were palpably brought before us.

**Endymion's First Speech in Public.**—In the account of Endymion's first speech in Parliament, Lord Beaconsfield may be supposed to recall some recollections of his own first appearance, while his subsequent success may give encouragement to those who are nervous on such occasions. "When he got on his legs his head swam, his heart beat so violently that it was like a convulsion preceding death, and though he was only on his legs for a few seconds, all the sorrows of his life seemed to pass before him. When he sat down he was quite surprised that the business of the House proceeded as usual, and it was only after some time that he became convinced that no one but himself was conscious of his sufferings, or that he had performed a routine duty otherwise than in a routine manner. The crafty question, however, led to some important consequences. When asked, to the surprise of every one the Minister himself replied to it. Waldershare, with whom Endymion dined at Bellamy's that day, was in no good humour in consequence. When Lord Roehampton had considered the ministerial reply, he said to Endymion, 'This must be followed up. You must move for papers. It will be a good opportunity for you, for the House is up to something being in the wind, and they will listen. It will be curious to see whether the Minister follows you. If so, he will give me an opening.' Endymion felt that this was the crisis of his life. He knew the subject well, and he had all the tact and experience of Lord Roehampton to guide him in his statement and his arguments. He had also the great feeling that, if necessary, a powerful arm would support him. It was about a week before the

day arrived, and Endymion slept very little that week, and the night before his motion not a wink. He almost wished he was dead as he walked down to the House in the hope that the exercise might remedy, or improve, his languid circulation; but in vain, and when his name was called and he had to rise his hands and feet were like ice. Lady Roehampton and Lady Montfort were both in the ventilator and he knew it. It might be said that he was sustained by his utter despair. He felt so feeble and generally imbecile that he had not vitality enough to be sensible of failure. He had a kind audience, and an interested one. When he opened his mouth he forgot his first sentence, which he had long prepared. In trying to recall it and failing, he was for a moment confused. But it was only for a moment; the unpremeditated came to his aid, and his voice, at first tremulous, was recognised as distinct and rich. There was a murmur of sympathy, and not merely from his own side. Suddenly, both physically and intellectually, he was quite himself. His arrested circulation flowed, and fed his stagnant brain. His statement was lucid, his arguments were difficult to encounter, and his manner was modest. He sat down amid general applause, and, though he was then conscious that he had omitted more than one point on which he had relied, he was on the whole satisfied, and recollected that he might use them in reply—a privilege to which he now looked forward with feelings of comfort and confidence."

**Farming as a Trade.**—At a recent meeting of tenant-farmers, it was said by one of the chief speakers that it was beyond all doubt that the Americans could profitably land wheat in Liverpool at 36s. the bushel, while at present wheat cost 48s. to bring it into the market from the British farm. In meat, too, the Americans could successfully compete with the British farmer, for Chicago meat could be landed in Liverpool at within a halfpenny or three farthings of the cost of bringing it from Aberdeen to London. They could not shut their eyes to these facts, and this competition could only be met by such alterations in the law as would give them the right to their improvements in the soil, so that they should be encouraged to increase production. It was his firm conviction that the production of the soil could be increased 50 per cent. by the scientific application of manure, but the farmer had no temptation, under the present state of the law, to put any more money in the soil, by reason of the insecurity of tenure, and owing to the operation of this insecurity, land was even going out of cultivation. Then on the subject of freedom of cultivation, it must be insisted that the farmer could not carry on his business if his hands were tied, and he must insist upon being as free as the manufacturer. The speaker then urged the necessity of the abolition in the farming interest of the law of distress, declaring that the existence of this law, by giving the landlord a preferential claim over other creditors, was one of the wrongs under which English agriculture suffered. As to local taxation, he warned the farmers that they could only limit this by their direct action, and remarked that the supposed help from the Exchequer led to increased demands for income-tax. These statements are far removed from any political or party interest, and touch the welfare of what is after all the chief industry of England.

**Superstition in the Nineteenth Century.**—In speaking of the superstitions of "the dark ages," it is humiliating to have also to record the miserable imposture and credulity of our own times. The miracles of the Holy Coat of Treves, the marvels of the Grotto of Lourdes, and still more recently the visions at Knock, are among the many "lying wonders" which history will have to report. A well-known priest of the English Church, Father Ignatius, has been getting up miracles on his own account, and that of Llanthony Abbey. To a crowded assembly at Brighton this season he gave the following narrative. "While four of the choir boys were playing in the adjoining meadow, the eldest, a lad named John Stewart, suddenly saw a bright and shining figure of a woman, with a thick flowing veil over the head and shoulders, and drawn over the face down to the chin. The hands were raised, and rays of light streamed from the figure. When he first saw the figure it was about thirty yards off, and he called out to the other boys, who saw it likewise, one of the three remarking, 'If it comes towards me I will strike it with a stick.' The boys saw the apparition glide into the bush at

the bottom of the meadow, where it gradually faded, the light, however, being visible some three-quarters of a minute after the figure itself had disappeared. Subsequently, the boys were seriously talked to in reference to their statement of what they had seen, but they maintained that what they had stated was the truth." On the following Sunday Father Ignatius had occasion to go to Slapton to take the duties of the rector of that place, but before leaving the abbey it was arranged that watch should be kept in order to see if the apparition reappeared. On the following Tuesday he received a letter from Brother Dunstan, stating that the figure had been again seen, and the writer said there was now no doubt left on his mind that it was the Virgin Mary, as the figure only appeared when they sang the "Ave." It was close upon ten o'clock at night, and the grass where they knelt on beholding the figure was quite dry, while all around was wet with the dew. On the 8th of September the vision was seen again, but not so distinctly, the figure not being materialised. The last vision was seen on the 15th of September, and this time by Father Ignatius himself. We might pronounce this an illusion, but for the additional "miracles" subsequent to the vision. Cures of a marvellous sort are said to be wrought by bits of plants that grow in the field. The lady superintendent of a school in Brunswick Road, Brighton, was said to have been miraculously healed in this way. Being pressed for the name, Father Ignatius gave it. On inquiry at the address, the lady had conveniently removed into Devonshire.

**Deus pro Nobis.**—Mr. Speaker Crooke was presented to Queen Elizabeth in the House of Lords on the occasion of his election. In his speech he said that England had been defended against the Spaniards and their Armada by her mighty arm. The Queen interrupted him, and from the throne said, "No; but by the mighty hand of God, Mr. Speaker." Dr. Tyng relates the following anecdote of President Lincoln. During the war, at a time of greatest doubt, a convention of scientific men was meeting in Washington. It was about to adjourn when it was suggested that the delegates should pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln. After they had formed themselves in a half circle in the East Room of the White House, Mr. Lincoln entered with that emphatic form of his—he seemed always to be an interjection point, giving emphasis to what he said and did. He listened to some fulsome flattery with a look of suspicion and doubt, but when the head of the delegation said, "We trust that during this time of trial God will be on our side and give victory," Mr. Lincoln stopped him. "Sir," said he, "my concern is not whether God is on our side. My great care is to be on God's side, for God is always right."

**Charitable Gifts in London.**—At the last annual meeting of the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles of the Northern Counties and London, held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P., said he had ascertained in connection with an inquiry with which he had been associated that there was collected in London alone, by voluntary subscriptions, for charitable purposes, nearly £6,000,000 a year. That amount was supplemented by obscure classes of charity, the extent of which could not be so well tested; but if they put the amount of benevolent subscriptions every year in London to the amount paid for poor relief, they had something about £8,000,000 contributed in the metropolis for the voluntary or involuntary relief of distress, suffering, and poverty. He did not think there was any country in the world—certainly no city in the world—that furnished such magnificent results. To fully realise the amount, he might state that it was nearly equivalent to the total revenues of the kingdom of Holland, and it was more than equal to the aggregate revenue of the three Scandinavian States—Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

**Spelling Reform.**—At a recent meeting of the Philological Society, the subject of spelling reform was taken up. The discussion, on the basis of papers presented by Mr. Henry Sweet, of immediate reforms in our national spelling which are deemed desirable was resumed, and took a conversational form. The members present numbered about a score. The principal speakers were Mr. Sweet, Dr. Murray, Messrs. Martineau, Cayley, Jenner, Elsworthy, the Rev. Dr. Morris, Mr. Furnivall (the secretary), and the chairman. The reforms, decided by varying majorities, were:—1. "The dropping of final or inflexional silent *e* when the pronunciation



will not be affected by it" (carried by 11 to 6). 2. "A more extended use of *z*, leaving inflexional *s* alone" (12 to 4). 3. "The substitution of *ee* for *ie*" (16 to 1). 4. "The substitution of simple *e* for *ea* when it has the sound of *e* in *net*" (carried unanimously). 5. "The restoration of historical *u* instead of *o* and *ou*" (10 to 1). 6. "The substitution of *f* for *ph*" (14 to 3). 7. "The substitution of *f* for *gh* in *laugh*," etc. (10 to 3). 8. "The omission of *b* in *limb*," etc. (16 to 1). 9. "The omission of unetymological and unphonetic consonants," italicised below, in at least the following words: *debt*, *doubt*, *subtle*; *feign*, *foreign*, *sovereign*; *ghost*, *aghost*, *burgher*; *rhyme*; *could*; *receipt*; *demerme*; *island*; *scythe*, *scent*; *thyme*; *hole*" (13 to 3). 10. "The restoration of *t* for *ed* in past tenses and past participles wherever practicable" (14 to 1). 11. "That in all words ending in *ant*, *ance*, *ent*, *ence*, these endings should be spelt in the same way" (9 to 4). After long and warm debate the society further expressed its approval of the immediate adoption of these reforms, and authorised their adoption by any writer in its printed "Transactions" and papers. This was voted by 11 to 9.

The consideration of further "reforms" was postponed for future meetings. One essential point is not taken into account by spelling-reform enthusiasts. If the language were for the first time to be written, like the Sechuana language by Dr. Moffat, the course would be clear. If also those who use the language were unlettered folk, and knew nothing but their mother tongue, there would be less objection to radical reform. But the omission of letters and the disguising of familiar forms cuts off all clue to the origin and derivation of words—always a help to their meaning and right use. Who could recognise in *def* or *subtle* the Latin *debitum* or *subtilis*? The Cockney element must have been strong in the conference when it was carried that "hole" should be written *ole*, the vote being 13 to 3!

**Faithful unto Death.**—The engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track. He was barking furiously. The engineer blew the whistle at him, but he did not stir, and crouching low, he was struck by the locomotive and killed. There was a bit of white muslin on the locomotive, and it attracted the attention of the engineer, who stopped the train and went back. There lay the dead dog and a dead child, which had wandered upon the track and had gone to sleep. The dog had given his signal to stop the train, and had died at his post.

**A Thieves' Supper.**—Two hundred persons "known to the police," either as under surveillance or as discharged prisoners, were lately entertained at the Mission Chapel in Drury Lane, London, at a "knife-and-fork tea." The repast consisted of tea or coffee, and bread and meat, and plum cake. Subsequently, the guests were addressed by a number of gentlemen interested in their welfare. The chair was taken by Mr. Flowers, the well-known Bow Street magistrate, and the governors and chaplains of several city prisons were present; and the prison authorities were recognised and applauded by the reclaimed criminals present and such of their old companions as they had persuaded to attend. Mr. Flowers, in his address to the meeting, was also loudly applauded when he expressed his sympathy with the struggles of the metropolitan poor, there were so few prisoners brought before the magistrates, and his belief that if intoxicating drink were avoided by the classes before him, there would be infinitely less temptation to crime. He urged his hearers to take advantage of the new Savings Bank scheme to save their pence, and to be careful to throw no obstacle in the way of the School Board's efforts to educate their children. The applause was loudest when he assured the audience that he knew nothing was more hard to bear than police supervision. He begged them to remember the refrain to the national song, "Britons never shall be slaves," and to resolve that they would be prison slaves no more.

**Value of a Point.**—Commenting on a case lately decided in the Middlesex Registration Court, the "Globe" gave a curious illustration of the legal doctrine that no notice can be taken of stops in interpreting a document. "A vote had been claimed in respect of certain buildings by a firm which occupied a part of them, and questions had been addressed to the claimants, which they were required to answer in writing.

The particular question upon which the difficulty arose was whether the building was wholly or in part occupied by the firm, and the answer which it was intended to give was, 'No Part of the premises is occupied by us.' Unfortunately for the claimants, their clerk or literary representative had not the pen of a very ready writer, and the answer, as sent in to the officials, read, 'No part of the premises is occupied by us.' The full stop, which would have been so essential a factor in determining the sense of the sentence, had been altogether omitted, and its absence was not even atoned for by a capital letter at the beginning of the word 'part,' which might have excused the revising barrister in supplying it gratuitously, so as to 'make sense' of the passage, much in the same style as a commentator engaged in publishing or interpreting a text of *Æschylus* or *Pindar*. He accordingly read the words in their literal meaning, and held that the claimants, in making such an answer, had abandoned their claim to a vote for the premises."

**Anti-Rent War in America.**—The "New York Herald," commenting upon the anti-rent agitation in Ireland, recalls a parallel state of affairs in America. "We have had troubles in the State of New York very similar to those which exist in Ireland. It so happened that they came to a head when one of the wisest and ablest of American statesmen, Silas Wright, was Governor of the State. We had some large landowners, called 'patroons,' deriving their extensive grants from the disposers of the soil previous to the Revolution. They let their land on long leases, and in time their tenants came to think, as the Irish tenants think, that they ought to have the fee simple of the land, and that the collection of rents was an extortion. They accordingly banded themselves together to resist distress for rent. Assuming the disguise of Indians, they withstood the sheriff and his *posse* whenever an attempt was made to enforce the law. When several murders had been committed, and the local authorities were found powerless, an application was made to the State Government. Governor Wright issued a proclamation, sent troops into the insurgent district, caused the arrest of some sixty ringleaders, had the most active of them tried, but commuted the punishment of those who were sentenced for murder to imprisonment for life. These vigorous proceedings crushed the insurrection, and ended the 'anti-rent war.' The point in this brief recital on which we desire to fix attention is the fact that one of our greatest statesmen, whom a combination of political accidents had induced to accept the office of governor, refused to consider complaints which he believed to be just so long as the complainants were arrayed against the execution of the law. It was not until after they had abandoned their insurgent attitude that he listened to their grievance and aided in its redress. According to American ideas this is the proper ground to be taken by a Government towards men who seek remedies by violence and murder, or any other form of open resistance to the law."

**Buried Treasures.**—A curious and astounding calculation has been made by an American physician, Dr. Farrar. He estimates that not less than half a ton of pure gold, worth half a million of dollars, is annually packed into people's teeth in the United States. At this rate all the gold in circulation will be buried in the earth in 300 years. He also calculates that three millions of artificial teeth are annually supplied, and that only one person in eight has sound teeth. —*London Medical Record*.

**"Respectable" Travellers.**—The famous definition of respectability by a witness in the Thurtell case has long been proverbial. It was in days of travelling by road and not by rail, that a man was deemed respectable because "he kept a gig." The phrase "gigocracy" will be remembered. A railway director's notion is akin to this. At the last half-yearly meeting of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway at Manchester, the chairman uttered a note of warning that our institutions were in danger of being Americanised. The accounts showed, he said, that "respectable," well-dressed persons with kid gloves and even kid boots now went into third-class carriages, which had been specially appointed for "men with clogs and of rough exterior generally." The inevitable result, he declared, would be the adoption of only one class of carriage—the third, while only a small number comparatively of select passengers will pay for the luxury of Pullman or drawing-room cars!



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